

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXV.—No. 1683.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 1929.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
[POSTAGES: ISLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 3½d.]



Marcus Adams.

THE HON. MRS. CAMPBELL.

43 Dover Street, W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7351.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7760

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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BRITISH BEEF ONCE MORE?

SINCE we commented last week on the decline of beef production in this country and urged our farmers to prepare themselves to face the fall in beef imports that would undoubtedly arrive in the near future our arguments have been enormously reinforced by a series of articles from the pen of Sir William Haldane which have appeared in recent issues of the *Times*. As we have pointed out, there is at the present time a considerable shortage of meat supplies in the United States, a shortage which is likely to make itself felt before long on this side of the Atlantic. Already the Canadian supplies for which British butchers were clamouring a few years ago have been diverted to the nearer and more profitable markets over the American border, and now there seems to be every possibility that the States, who have always declined to accept Argentine meat out of consideration for the health of their herds, may entirely relax their embargoes, with the result that Argentine supplies will more and more tend to flow in the direction of the American markets. This is not very good hearing for the British consumer, who has hitherto relied on plentiful supplies of beef from abroad to keep down the prices in the home markets, and the situation appears still less promising in view of Sir William Haldane's revelations with regard to the present state of the meat industry in Argentina.

It has never been very comforting to reflect upon the fact that nearly three-fifths of our beef is imported, and

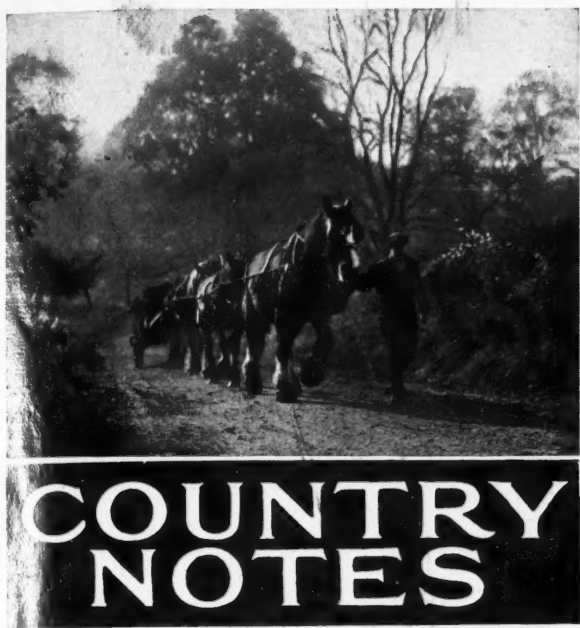
that two-fifths of it comes from the Argentine; but it took a world-war to make most people realise exactly what it means in the way of national danger, and already a great many of us are beginning to forget how little we can afford to take risks with the nation's food and how vital it is to be as far as possible self-supporting. For immediate purposes, however, we may, we suppose, assume that we are for a time dealing with a world more or less convinced of the futility of war on a large scale. It is none the less interesting to discover that meat supplies in the principal producing countries have already declined to such an extent that already a serious shortage is predicted. The position is that in 1928 over 400,000 fewer cattle were slaughtered in the Argentine *frigorificos* than in 1927, a reduction amounting to 12½ per cent. The actual exports of chilled and frozen beef showed a reduction of 24 per cent. in 1928, and the first quarter of the present year shows a further decline. Various reasons have been advanced for the falling off in supplies. There can be no doubt that the meat war of two or three years ago had a great effect in the Argentine. It is, perhaps, more significant to observe that changes in agricultural practice have also been among the responsible factors. Thus, sheep have proved, just as they have in this country, more profitable than cattle. They have, therefore, tended to replace cattle. The production of maize has turned out more remunerative than feeding, with the result that good fattening pastures have been broken up and placed under tillage. To all this there must be added disastrous outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease, which have devastated large herds and compelled the rigorous enforcement of strict regulations framed to prevent the export of disease. From the consumer's standpoint this is disastrous. With the decline in numbers comes the chance to export inferior animals, and this is precisely what is happening.

While the consumer pines, what is to be the fate of the British farmer? For him, as we pointed out last week, the situation has its recompenses and, if he will only set his house in order, its promise of future prosperity. The importation of such large amounts of cheap meat from abroad has always tended to depress home prices, with the result that farmers have been taught that meat producing is unprofitable, and have been, perhaps unduly, encouraged to place all their hopes in milk and dairy produce. As a result the needs of the nation, so far as milk is concerned, are already more than satisfied, and a large surplus is available for manufacturing purposes. If now meat prices are to rise and beef production once more plays a profitable part in British farming systems, the situation will be altogether changed, and the dairy farmer, with his single-purpose breeds, will no longer have everything his own way. If the assertions of prophets and investigators are to be taken seriously, there will soon be a new opportunity to make money once more out of the old-fashioned practice of stock rearing. The extension of dairy farming has disturbed the distribution of suitable breeding cattle, and it is probable that a new system of breeding will be necessary. It is now recognised that, among sheep, cross-breeds make the best fattening animals. The same is also true of cattle. There is no reason why a dairy farmer should not maintain a herd of high-yielding cows, and by crossing the older cows in the herd with a bull of a recognised beef breed should not produce offspring acceptable to the graziers and feeders. It is interesting to know that this plan is already being followed in some herds in the Midlands and is meeting with considerable success.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Campbell with her baby daughter. Mrs. Ian Campbell, who is the only daughter of Lord Beaverbrook, was married in 1927, and her husband is heir presumptive to the Duke of Argyll.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



AS most people expected, there is nothing very sensational about Mr. Churchill's fifth Budget. A Chancellor cannot, indeed, be very sensational when he is on the eve of an election and has only a relatively small surplus to dispose of. Heavier taxation is out of the question, and Mr. Lloyd George's plan for borrowing on a large scale had already been denounced by the Prime Minister. This necessarily meant that the best parts of Mr. Churchill's speech were those in which he first described the steady progress towards financial stability which had been witnessed since the disastrous strike of 1926, and then proceeded to attack the two Oppositions with their contradictory plans for attacking the problems of unemployment. For the rest, the Budget was frankly designed to stimulate the sympathies of the voter. The housewife is to have fourpence off her pound of tea, the betting fraternity are to be brought back into the fold by allowing the bookmakers a completely taxless flat-racing season, the consumer of spirits is conciliated by being allowed to buy gin and whisky in half-bottles, the publican is pleased by the knowledge that the cost of his licence is to be reduced, and the prohibitionist is delighted to find that the brewer and the distiller are to gain nothing by the De-rating Act. Housewives, bookmakers, rabid teetotallers and publicans are generally supposed by politicians to exercise an influence at election times out of all proportion to their numbers. But electors have been known before now to bite the hand that fed them, and, on the whole, the Budget has not done much to help the political prophets.

LORD IRWIN'S prompt and firm handling of the situation in India has won him the warm admiration not only of his fellow-countrymen, but of the majority of Indians as well. The ruling of Mr. Patel, President of the Legislative Assembly, in refusing to allow the Public Safety Bill to come before the House may or may not be justifiable by a careful misreading of the rules of the House, but such an obstruction of business could not be allowed to block the passage of a Bill which vitally affects the security of Indian subjects. In taking the matter into his own hands so as to bring the Bill into operation by the special powers conferred on him as Governor-General, the Viceroy has acted in the only way possible. Without expressing an opinion on the ruling of Mr. Patel, he intimated that any further "interruptions" of business by the President were intolerable and that an amendment of the rules would be necessary to prevent similar deadlocks in the future. By his firm action Lord Irwin has shown himself to possess, when necessary, the decision and resolution of the statesman as well as those qualities of sympathy and conciliation which some of his opponents have mistaken for weakness.

IN any comment on the proposed sacristy for Westminster Abbey, the courtesy and broad-mindedness of the Dean in soliciting criticism of the idea in general and of the design in particular are to be most warmly acknowledged. He has the power to erect anything where he likes, but, with a rare diffidence, he appeals to professional and public opinion to help. It is now generally agreed that both the present site and the existing model are undesirable. Some of the finest original parts of the Abbey are hidden, and, by trying to make the building unobtrusive, Mr. Tapper has made it look abject. Like an apologetic guest at a party, it only emphasises its intrusion. If there is to be a building somewhere on the north side of the Abbey, it must not, above all things, be "umble." We would all rather the sacristy were not there at all; but, if it must be, it must equally be as finite and harmonious a jewel as our best artist can invent for such a setting. The historical site of the original sacristy is on the other side of the transept—that is, in the north-west angle of transept and nave. There it would be much more exposed to view; but it would, at least, conceal only walls restored by Gilbert Scott. Being more exposed, it would, of necessity, have to be designed courageously. This is an age of architectural invention, and, while it realises its responsibilities, it has not lost self-confidence. The one thing that must not be done is to put up anything sham and shamefaced.

OFFICIAL figures now available show that more than a million and a quarter new houses have been built during the ten years since the Armistice. Of these, about two-thirds were built with the help of the State subsidy, and the remainder by unassisted private enterprise. By far the greater part of this total, nearly a million in all, have been erected during the life of the present Government, and if the figures for the last financial year show a slight decline on those of their immediate predecessors, that is because the housing shortage has now practically been made good. The most interesting point revealed by the statistics is the truth of Mr. Chamberlain's contention that the costs of building were being artificially inflated by the subsidy and that a reduction in the amount of assistance would produce a corresponding fall in prices. When the first cut was made in December, 1926, the cost of a parlour house was £513, a non-parlour house £448. For March of this year the respective figures were £413 and £339, a very considerable decrease even on those for December last. The continued fall in prices, which shows as yet no signs of slowing up, abundantly justifies the Government's decision to make a further cut in the subsidy this September.

O! WINDS BE SILENT . . .

O! winds be silent for a little space,
Forbear to sing.
Since Death once walking through the flower sweet fields
And happy ways of Spring
Saw there my Dear, and smiled and coveted
Her lovely grace.

Call up O! winds, call up from out the west
The sorrowful soft rain,
So may the sun not pierce the veiling clouds,
Shining in vain
Since Spring, nor sun, nor voice of Lover more
Shall break her rest.

JOAN CAMPBELL.

OUR team of professional golfers which meets the Americans next week has finished a fairly severe ordeal of preliminary tournaments and has gone to Harrogate for a course of more peaceful preparation for the big match. At the moment Compston is the one man among them who seems to be playing almost irresistibly well. He won the match-play tournament at Roehampton, which has been the close preserve of Abe Mitchell for the last three years, and the score play at Coulsdon Court with two extremely fine rounds. The Americans have an expressive phrase, "reaching the peak," and it is to be hoped that Compston has not reached his peak too soon, since no man can play this superlatively brilliant golf for a long time at a stretch; the putts will not go in for ever. He is, however,

a player of so resolute a character that he is not likely to let himself be disturbed about the matter. Duncan, after a relapse at Roehampton, came back to his best form at Coulsdon. Charles Whitcombe and Cotton played very finely at Roehampton, and, taken as a whole, the team has done well. Mitchell has been playing like a rather tired man, but no doubt the rest will do him good. He is one of those whom we badly need "at the peak" at Moortown.

A SCHEME is apparently under consideration for enlarging the area of Ludgate Circus and introducing the gyratory system of traffic. Even those who feel lukewarm about this plan will be roused to interest by a part of it which consists in removing the griffin from its present site by the Temple and re-erecting it at Ludgate Circus. The griffin is neither a beautiful nor a dignified beast; he is only an old friend to the extent of fifty years and, once he is removed, there seems no reason for making on his behalf those efforts which were notoriously unavailing in the case of Humpty Dumpty. Old Temple Bar has found a refuge in Theobalds Park in Hertfordshire, and perhaps some kind-hearted landowner will offer a quiet country home for the griffin's old age. After all, if we must have an animal out of *Alice in Wonderland*, why not a mock turtle, which is far more appropriate to the City and would feel at home so near the Guildhall.

THERE has been an entertaining debate in the Correspondence columns of the *Times* on a question making a wide appeal, namely, whether a razor should be stropped before use or after. The answer in the case of a great multitude of shavers is that it does not greatly matter, since, whether before or after, they do the razor more harm than good. At least, that was the answer in the good old days when everybody used a "cut-throat" and the pusillanimous safety razor had not been invented. Stropping was then a fine art; but to-day, through the soul-destroying ingenuity of the manufacturer, it has become, in the case of the safety razor, a more or less automatic process. The greatest bungler cannot do much harm, and the owner of a heaven-sent touch and rhythm has only a sadly limited opportunity. Fortunately, there is one stronghold in which the art survives. The naked blade still glitters murderously in the hands of the barber as, in de Quincey's words, he "ogles our throats." He strops his weapon both before and after the operation, which is at once so terrifying and so delicious, and surely he ought to know best.

HAVING, for twenty-four years, faithfully provided for the Darling family and a few lost boys, Peter Pan has now settled down to business. The Hospital for Sick Children, which Sir James Barrie has arranged for Peter to make his headquarters in the future, contains over three hundred charges for him. But numbers present no difficulties to that remarkable youth. The play in which Sir James has recorded his dealings with the Darlings and Captain Hook is probably the first to be presented to an institution. But, like the Duke of Plaza Toro, Peter does not follow fashions. He leads them. In 1904 Mr. Charles Frohmann only accepted the play for performance to conciliate the author, judging that it would not run, and being anxious to secure Sir James's next play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." And there are still people who believe that Peter's youth cannot endure for ever. By all standards of common-sense, it cannot. But so long as English children are born without that estimable quality, Peter will be able to carry them off to the Never-Never Land and make them safe and happy and well, whether there are three hundred or three hundred thousand of them.

IT is distance, the poet assures us, that makes the ugly mountains look so beautifully blue, and, no doubt, it is distance that sheds glamour on the names of far-off cities like Byzantium and Samarkand. Apparently, London is qualifying for the "azure hue" by assuming at least one of the characteristics that made those cities symbols of exotic wealth to contemporaries. They were the great bazaars, where East met West; where the textiles and porcelain of China were procured by the young civilisations

of Europe. London seems to be becoming the clearing-house for the works of art of Europe. Lloyd's has for long been the insurance clearing-house of the world, and London is probably the financial centre also. Now Christie's and Sotheby's rooms are attaining an equal status with Mr. Lloyd's. This summer's sales include armour from Germany and Florence, pictures from Paris, while a wonderful collection of illuminated manuscripts and colour prints from Belgium has already been sold at Sotheby's. The wealth of England compared to the rest of Europe, its accessibility from America, and the freedom of its markets are the causes of this development, which it would be pleasant to think that future poets will romanticise.

THE log of the Southern Cross gives one a very vivid conception of the hardships which were endured by the aerial castaways driven down on the inhospitable Australian desert. For eleven days they were prey to the fly by day and the mosquito by night, and, though they had no food but a fortuitous tin of gruel they were carrying to an invalid, they were able to listen to the wireless news of the search for them. Worse, even, than the endless torture from insects and the merciless heat of the day was the sight of search planes which came near but failed to see their fires. The log is a fine record of bravely sustained cheerfulness and endeavour, even though their physical capacity was daily lowered by hunger and heat. The successful rescue of these brave men by other aeroplanes adds to the laurels of aviation. But one feels that, although equipment must be cut to extremes for long-distance flights, some form of condensed rations should have been carried, and that, in general, the supply of gear for repairs had been reduced below a fair margin of safety.

IN THE WOOD.

I know where violets like spilt beads lie,
Dropped by a careless angel passing by,
And twisted strings of amber celandines
Are scattered cheerfully among the cones,
And little new-born leaves, so silvery green,
Tumble, the pencilled black lace boughs between.
With centuries of leaves for cushions, heaped
About us—in the rippling silence steeped,
There in a still moss-scented harbour, we
Will watch Spring's pageant through, enchantedly:
See windflowers shyly nod exquisite faces
To lords and ladies, stiff with airs and graces,
Gather and kiss the precious firstling ranks
Of primroses, embroidering the banks,
Thrilled by the joyous prelude, as there floats
The fluting rhythm of a throstle's notes,
Till all about us rises fragrantly
The muted May tide of a bluebell sea,
And prisoned in the pool a golden star
Where now grey velvet pussy willows are.

DOREMY OLLAND.

THE opening of the London-Karachi air-mail service is a milestone in the history of British aviation. There is a special quality of reliability required for anything which transports mails, and just as the mails are the most important trains on our railroads and the mail-carrying liners the finest of our passenger fleets, so the mail aeroplane service involves special considerations of speed, safety and astounding punctuality. It is not a century since the voyage to India meant months at sea and a leisurely rounding of the Cape of Good Hope. The cutting of the Suez Canal made a great difference to the time of the journey, but this new air route has shortened the trip to a bare week. The four passengers who reached Croydon last Sunday afternoon had breakfasted in India on the previous Sunday morning. It is possible that as the service develops, the time taken for the journey will be reduced and a greater number of machines put into commission.

LAST year a very high proportion of the harvest workers who went out to Canada remained there in good employment. There is, however, a distinction between the emigrant worker and the settler who goes over, not as a single man, but with wife and family and household goods and chattels. The first party of families sailing under the

auspices of the British Legion to settle on Canadian homesteads sailed from Southampton last week. In the past the adventure of a townsman to a new land has always been something of a leap in the dark; but the new system of a six months' camp training course in the elements of practical agriculture under overseas conditions has done much to simplify the change-over. Experience shows us that it is always the best who go overseas to seek out new lands

and careers for themselves. Overcrowding and unemployment at home and under-population in white regions of the Empire seem to be conditions which should in the end cancel themselves out, and it is to be hoped that an extension of the policy of farm training and settlement under the auspices of organised bodies such as the British Legion will eventually do much to simplify and popularise settlement schemes for ex-Service men and their families.

THE INCOMPARABLE GAME OF YACHTING

SURELY we should be glad that yachting is a sport that goes on from strength to strength every year. In no other way could we be so vividly reminded of a glory that has all but passed. For, although the glorious clippers have almost vanished from the seas, in pleasure craft we are able to preserve something of their incomparable loveliness and grace. Yachting keeps alive the art of building the ships of sail, and the art and craft of handling them. There is no sort of finality about these ancient arts. The Perfect Ship, perfect in all her qualities in all sorts of weather, has never been and, perhaps, never will be built. But it is a striking fact that in the arts of building and handling sailing boats we have to-day reached nearer to perfection than at any time during the long history of our seafaring race. No finer fleet has been seen in any waters at any time than the racing fleet which will soon be assembled in the Solent. These queenly vessels represent not years, but centuries of scientific research by designers, and of the skilled craftsmanship of builders, shipwrights and riggers. The handling of them by their skippers and crews is the fruit of a stored inheritance of a long tradition of seamanship and racing strategy.

What things of supreme beauty they can be as they cleave the grey-green waters can be seen and understood not only by the yachtsman whose mind is stored with memories of seasons

past, but by anybody who will spend a half-hour looking at the amazing photographs by Mr. G. L. A. Blair which are to be seen this week exhibited at the Camera Club. Here you have in almost every picture the poetry of motion at its highest. Not that yachting is all a matter of either smooth or violent motion. "Becalmed," with its delightful pattern of idly flapping sails and hardly rippled water, will serve to remind us of days, sometimes too frequent, when motion is at a discount. But most of Mr. Blair's subjects give you not only the sense of beauty in the tall, majestic, white-winged ships, but the actual sense of wild exhilaration which you know everyone on board must be feeling. You share their every emotion as they are "Tearing Through" in a neck-to-neck race or storming along majestically like Adventuress in Mr. Blair's picture, before the freshest of fresh breezes.

Just as there is no grander sight than a sailing ship storming along in a fresh breeze, so there is no other thing which gives a finer picture of graceful action and urgent speed. Look, for instance, at the little "Ingemar" shearing through the seas, and then remember that, according to our modern standards—set by aeroplanes and Golden Arrows—these smooth, sleek yachts, hard-pressed under their massed canvas, are not really fast. They are swift, but not fast—as we understand speed nowadays. Not even Britannia and Westward, the two classic yachts which



G. L. A. Blair.

"BRITANNIA."

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Mr. Blair seems to have caught in their most characteristic moments, have ever broken any records. As a matter of fact, the old yacht *Rainbow*, a Clyde-built schooner of 115ft. in water-line length, is still credited with the record speed for a yacht. Twice during a run of sixty miles the log registered a speed of $16\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Such a speed has often been well exceeded by certain of the old clipper ships, but each of them was longer

flight throughout her career. Her list of victories is the longest of any yacht's. Of course, she has been frequently altered and renewed here and there—and, to speak truth, there can be scarcely anything material left in *Britannia* that was there when she was built for King Edward VII! But all her old characteristics are still there. She is at her best in a good hard thresh to windward, and when the wind pipes up and her lee



G. L. A. Blair.

"ADVENTURESS."

Copyright

than the old *Rainbow*; and this is a factor which has much, though not all, to do with a sailing ship's speed.

In the picture which is reproduced here Mr. Blair has caught the King's *Britannia* in a most typical attitude. This year, alas! she will not be with the fleet. It is astounding to think that this wonderful cutter is thirty-six years old. It is an amazing length of time for a vessel to have withstood the ardours of yacht racing and yet to have remained in the first

bulwark is hove down to the rushing water she is hard to catch and well-nigh impossible to pass. Then she most seems what she is—an indomitable fighter, and yet one of the loveliest sailing vessels ever built.

A glance at the decks of *Westward* or *Britannia* as Mr. Blair has shown them will tell you why some Englishmen are so passionately fond of this sport. It is, first and foremost, a game for men who perfectly know their ship and know their



"TEARING THROUGH."

own jobs. In the space of a small yacht there is no room for a sick man—and not much room for anybody. On deck it is work, work, all the time; sails are continually set, reset and shifted to take every advantage of a variable wind, and reefing down is postponed to the last possible moment. Then it is "All hands!"

All this is particularly the case with deep-sea racing, the most arduous and exacting of all sports, and it is a most significant thing that, apart from about one event each season, the ocean races, which have so developed since the war, are confined to small craft, manned mostly, if not entirely, by amateurs. Only quite small boats, for example, can enter for the annual Channel



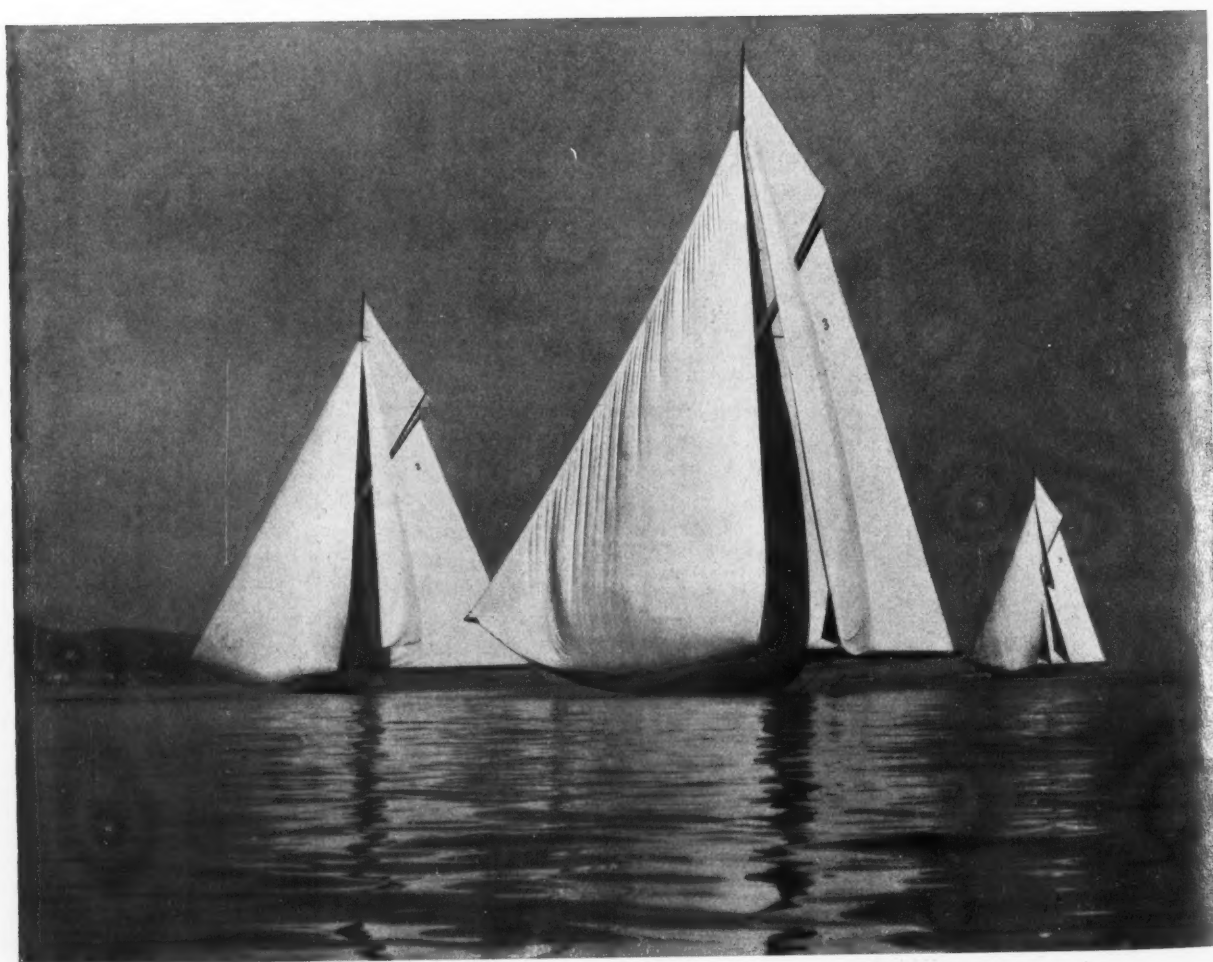
G. L. A. Blair.

"WESTWARD."

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"INGEMAR."



G. L. A. Blair.

"BECALMED."

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Race, which gives the small fry a 250-mile course of some of the most difficult sailing in the world. There can scarcely be any other form of effort which demands a higher standard of physical and mental stamina—mental, particularly, because steady nerves and sound judgment are the qualities most needed in a nerve-racking game which is protracted over days and sometimes weeks.

Men who take part in deep-sea races will always say that it is the most exciting and exhilarating form of sailing. There is a unique thrill in thrusting the little ship through the night with all the sail she can stand up under. And storming along it seems, and it certainly sounds, like the fastest speed ever reached by any ship, and you feel sure you are leading the whole fleet. You can so easily persuade yourself it is so, for in the dark the others are not to be seen!

If it comes to mere dictionary definitions, a "yacht" is any privately owned vessel used for pleasure and not plying for hire. So the word covers the glorious racing cutters and schooners which are the chief pride of British yachting, marvels of machinery and upholstery in the forms of the big steam and motor yachts and black and white painted square-riggers (like Colonel E. A. Guinness's *Fantome II*), which remind us of England's long-vanished "wooden walls." Yet if all these lovely and imposing ships could be lumped together, their combined tonnage would be a feather-weight against that of the multitude of small craft. Cruising cutters, yawls, ketches and little half-decked boats, the ubiquitous motor cruiser and the almost innumerable fleet of small racing craft, sailed by sea-hungry men or women or happy boys—these are the bulk and backbone of the incomparable game of yachting.

THE BATTLE OF MOORTOWN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

NEXT week, on the 26th and 27th, our professionals will meet those of America at Moortown, near Leeds, in a match for the Ryder Cup, and something has clearly got to be said about it, even, perhaps, to the extent of prophesy, that most gratuitous folly.

A vast deal has already been written in advance about this match. Our team could hardly have been more be-noted and be-paragraphed if they had been a league football side struggling to avoid "relegation." Now we have an additional touch of showmanship on the part of Walter Hagen, who has ordered his team to parade uniformly attired in dark blue flannel. I confess that this booming and trumpeting does not particularly appeal to me. I trust our men will not reply in kind with costumes of roses and thistles. But I do very much look forward to seeing the match, which should be a fine one, full of fine and exciting golf.

It is in no way disrespectful to Moortown to wish that the match could have been played on one of our big seaside courses, which seem in my old-fashioned eyes to provide a more appropriate battlefield, but Moortown is a good course and will doubtless provide a big crowd. I have never actually played on it since, when I was at Leeds, I played on that other creation of Dr. Mackenzie's, the delightful Alwoodley; but I walked over Moortown, and it looked both difficult and interesting, with nice light moorland soil and turf. It is a typical, good, modern, well bunkered, inland course, and should, therefore, suit our visitors, who will find nothing there to which they are not reasonably well accustomed.

A good deal may depend upon the weather, and as to that, at any rate, I am not rash enough to prophesy. On each occasion that the Walker Cup match has been played at St. Andrews we have, naturally enough, prayed for a typical St. Andrews day with a cold finger-nipping easterly wind sweeping across the course. Our prayers were answered each time by the most uncharacteristic possible day, muggy and still. Now that this match is being played inland, still weather is likely enough, and so it would be only in keeping with the general perversity of things if we had a raging, biting, seaside wind.

I do not imagine that anyone who knows the American golfers entertains any great hopes of their being defeated by wind pure and simple. They swing the club too truly for that, and the notion that they cannot play in a wind has been long exploded. They can also play quite magnificently in rain. I think the most astonishing golf I ever saw was played in sheets of rain, with the ground more or less of a swamp, in the qualifying rounds of the American Amateur Championship at Brookline. Mr. Guilford broke the record of the course, Mr. Evans and Mr. Jones were close behind him, and the general standard of play in odious conditions was wonderful. On the other hand, cold is a really formidable enemy. Golf is to them a warm-weather game, and to be suddenly shrivelled with bitter cold must be a severe handicap. I am not vehemently praying for cold, for there seems something a little unchivalrous in doing so—I am only stating what I conceive to be the fact.

I was talking a day or two since to an excellent amateur golfer who has lived in America and played a good deal of golf with several members of this American side. He expressed, naturally, a very great respect for their golf, thought that they would last the better and would win. He weakened a little, however, when I cross-examined him as to the effect of their only having a week or so in which to grow acclimatised, and in the end we agreed that there was very little in it. Granted a neutral course and plenty of time for both parties to grow used to it, I should be unpatriotic enough to back the

Americans; but, as it is, with our men at home, I am filled with reasonable hopes. When the match was first played at Wentworth in 1926, our men played one and all just as well as they could, and won by the length of the street. If they could win then, they should be able to win now, but they certainly cannot hope to win easily as they did then, for the Americans took the match rather easily and they will not fall into that error this time. Those blue flannel uniforms have surely not been ordered for nothing.

Some of the American team are old friends of ours, but some are quite new and others come to us with such greatly enhanced fame as to be freshly interesting. Such is Farrell, who won the Open Championship of America last year by beating Mr. Bobby Jones after a tie by a single stroke. He has played in our Championship, but on one occasion he was disabled, and in any case he has improved so much that we feel that we know little about him. Personally, I can remember an easy, attractive swing and nothing more. Then there is Leo Diegel, who is the professional champion of America, having broken Hagen's wonderful series of four successive wins in that event, which corresponds to our *News of the World* Tournament. Diegel has always been a golfer of the "inspired" order, capable of astonishing brilliancy, but liable to break down through one mishap. By all accounts he has conquered that failing, and there is no sort of doubt that he is very good. The player, however, who has captured our imagination over here more than either of these is Horton Smith, who, though only twenty years old and coming from some remote course in Missouri, had the best average of all the professionals in the long succession of southern tournaments played this winter. I read, both for pleasure and as a duty, a good many American golfing magazines, and it seems to me that I have read lately of innumerable tournaments in which Horton Smith's name was right up at the top of the list, and a very strong list too. He appears from his photograph to be a lissom, rather lanky youth with a very free swing. There cannot be any doubt that he is a very fine player, and I do not suppose the change from steel shafts, which he generally uses, to wooden ones will seriously bother him. He may not play well, of course, on a first visit. Mr. Sweetser did not, and it took his second coming to convince people how good he was. Those of us who had seen him in America wanted no convincing. The same thing may befall Horton Smith, but he sounds too steady. It would be interesting, by the way, if he were to play against Cotton—one infant phenomenon against another.

It is rather an amusing game, this making of imaginary matches, but it is essentially a futile one because the order in which each team will play is locked in the breast of its respective captain. It seems to be generally assumed that Charles Whitcombe will play first for our side, as he did against the amateurs the other day at Sandwell, and, if so, he is likely to play Farrell, who as champion may lead for America. Hagen v. Duncan—the two captains against one another—suggests itself as a good melodramatic show, and it would, incidentally, be a return match, since Duncan beat Hagen rather badly at Wentworth. Whichever of the Americans meets Compston will have his work cut out, if only Compston has not reached the very top of his form a little too soon. There are the foursomes, too; Duncan and Mitchell against Hagen and who? Perhaps Diegel, since he and Hagen beat Sarazen and Farrell the other day in a four-ball championship. It should all be very good fun, especially if our side wins. Let us have no nonsense about wishing the best side to win! I hate such anæmic sentiments. May we win!

ENGLISH SPORTING PICTURES



"RACE BETWEEN SIR JOSHUA AND PHILHO DA PUTA" (C. TOWNE).

It is a little disturbing that no definite response has yet been made to the call for a national collection of English sporting pictures. The facts are plain enough. The sporting life of England has been part of the life of England as a whole. The field sports—and fox hunting pre-eminently among them—have held in England a place and importance which they have held in no other country of the world. Their influence on our national character has been incalculable. They have attracted, in every generation for the past two hundred years, leading artists of the country. Yet, if to-day there is any immediate prospect of a collection being made of English sporting pictures, that immediate prospect would seem to be chiefly of a collection being made on the other side of the Atlantic.

There should be an English collection of these English sporting pictures—established in a room of the National Gallery.

It is more than probable that the generosity of private owners would result in such a collection being presented to the nation, if a proper setting for it were available. That proper setting is in the National Gallery and nowhere else. This collection will be one which will appeal to a great mass of English men and women, and it should be established in a central place, easily accessible. Of all the otherwise possible localities there is none which combines the advantages of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. To provide the room for them before the pictures themselves are available will not do: but may we not hope that the generosity of a private owner or owners will give a lead in this matter? If pictures were to be offered to the nation with the stipulation that a room be provided for them at the National Gallery within a period of years, then we are convinced that Englishmen would manage to provide the room.



"ROYAL MAIL" (W. J. SHAYER).



"THE KILL" (J. N. SARTORIUS).



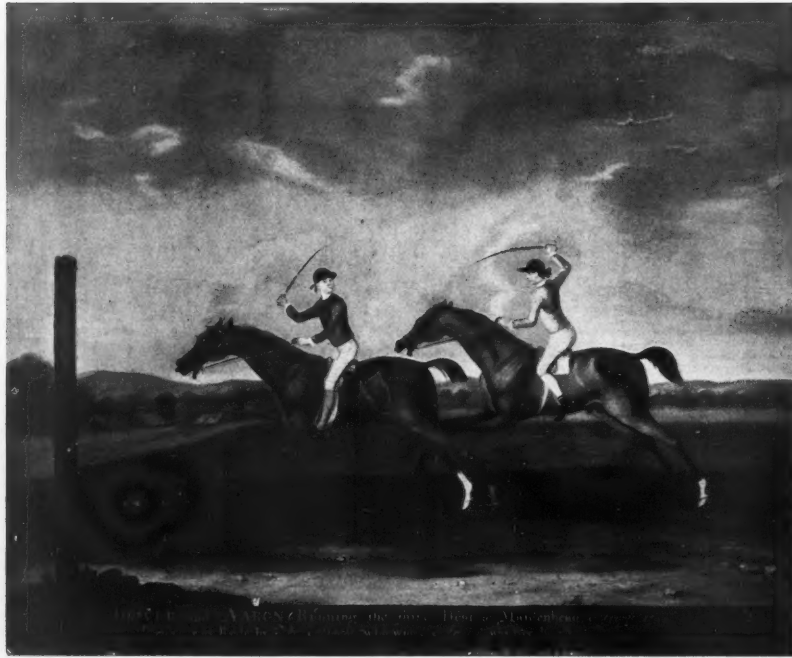
"MALCOLM ARABIAN" (BEN MARSHALL).



"MR. JEREMIAH WHITEHEAD, MR. CAWLISHAM AND MR. YATES"
(T. WEAVER).



"HUNTING SCENE" (H. ALKEN).



"THE RACE AT MAIDENHEAD, AUGUST, 1754" (R. ROPER).

That the thing is worth doing, a visit to Messrs. Ackermann's present exhibition at their New Bond Street Galleries will undoubtedly convince any Englishman. One of the remarkable features of this exhibition is that nine-tenths of the sporting pictures now shown have never before been seen except in the private houses from which they came. There are in this exhibition no loaned pictures, such as are necessarily a feature of the majority of exhibitions of the kind. It is a most unusual thing that so considerable a collection as that which Messrs. Ackermann have acquired should have come into the market at one time. From the point of view of our national collection, it is even an alarming thing—the assumption being that such irreplaceable pictures are being more freely sold to-day and that at least some part of this collection will shortly be dispersed outside England and beyond recall.

If there is something of a gloomy satisfaction in looking at such pictures while we may, the pictures themselves have nothing of gloom about them. They are in the best and gayest tradition of the pictures of English sport, and in addition to examples of the work of the acknowledged Masters there are pictures by less well known artists which cannot fail to arouse the greatest interest. Among the latter is the "Race at Maidenhead, August, 1754," a set of three by R. Roper, with its note of "Both horses fell at coming in. Driver's rider was hurt with the fall." In the circumstances, the air of complete detachment of "Driver's rider"—as he rides to victory in heat three—is as creditable as it is remarkable. Another engaging picture is that of very sturdy "Mr. Jeremiah Whitehead, Mr. Cawlisham, and Mr. Yates" coursing the hare (T. Weaver, 1818). Here the portraits are so clear and so full of character that if you have never before met Mr. Jeremiah Whitehead (Mr. Cawlisham or Mr. Yates), you will never again forget that you have seen them gone a-coursing at Messrs. Ackermann's exhibition.

Of the coaching pictures the Cordrey "Royal Carriage of 1804" is the most remarkable, with its leading pair of the six coach-horses, which might well be harnessed to a Royal Carriage of to-day, after removing their small and quaint postillion. The blacks and greens of the picture are definitely ugly, but the artist has caught the coach at just the right point on the road (with that windmill on the skyline fitting in so nicely): it comes rolling along, a picture of leisurely, luxurious life of a hundred and twenty years ago. The Shayer coaches are neither leisurely nor luxurious, but they and the Cooper "Royal Mail" are delightful to see, with their reminder of bustling days in the English countryside, and their loads of cheerful people going about their business in what must have been a very considerable discomfort.

The big J. N. Sartorius fox-hunting "Kill" is a picture of the more remote countryside and one which is extremely attractive. If such pictures as this and the H. Alken hunting set are never to be seen in a national collection, it will be a thousand pities. The Dean Paul pair have also an attraction from a hunting point of view—and there is something of a present-day note in the title of one of them, "Shaking Off the Cocktails"! A cocktail name may have largely changed its application of a hundred years ago, but Englishmen continue to ride undocked thoroughbred horses out hunting in a cheerful attempt to compound for sins of late hours and of work in unhealthy surroundings. Whether they charge about—or whether they ever charged about—over quite so dangerous a country as is shown in the Dean Paul pictures, is another matter. The fact is that such hunting pictures must be represented in any such national collection as we have imagined. The further fact that Sartorius, H. Alken and some few of the other Masters could show us something more than hunting in a hunting picture—that is only an additional reason for insisting

that there is urgency about the securing for the nation of examples of their art.

There is no space to do more than refer to the quite admirable "Point-to-Point" by J. F. Herring senior, or to the curious, improbable, but solidly comfortable Stubbs picture of "Thos. Fox Bricknell, Esq., J.P.," and wife and loose horse, all on the lawn together. Of the prints, there are some rare engravings by R. G. Reeves and Charles and G. Hunt, after J. Pollard—an "Ascot Procession," an "Epsom Settling Day" and a set of four racing pictures. The condition of a hunting set after Alken is very fine—as is that of six "Meltonians."

Going back to the paintings, there is a racing picture by C. Towne which is remarkable for its life and action, and a Ben Marshall "Old Hunter," which strikes a pleasant, countryside, note. But it is the "Malcolm Arabian" of Ben Marshall for which we must reserve the last, enthusiastic, word. Ben Marshall could neither draw a palm tree nor a camel—and he has tried to do both in this picture; but most certainly he could paint the Malcolm Arabian. If we must be content for the moment with the nucleus of a nucleus for this national collection of ours in Trafalgar Square—then the "Malcolm Arabian" of Ben Marshall might well form that nucleus.

G. H. P. E.

THE WALNUT

OF all our well known hard woods there is little doubt that the walnut is the most neglected. It is only rarely that one hears of even a single young specimen being planted as an ornamental tree either in garden, park or woodland. In the British Isles it has never been exactly a common tree, as is evident by the lack of outstanding specimens throughout the country. On estates where planting has been carried out for many generations and the trees have been carefully tended, it is always possible to find at least one notable specimen of either the oak, chestnut, a beech, a poplar or an elm, but I should say that the proportion of outstanding walnuts compared to any other tree is not more than one in ten.

It is difficult to understand the reason for this neglect. The common walnut has many points in its favour. It is a particularly shapely tree; it is handsome in and out of leaf; the bark is rugged and attractive; the timber has a certain definite value—in some cases it is compared favourably in texture and beauty of grain to the best Italian; the fruit, at least in the south, is of economic importance.

There are only two species which are grown to any extent in this country, *Juglans regia*, the common walnut, and *J. nigra*, the black walnut. The common walnut has an extremely wide distribution throughout Europe, and across Asia as far as China and Japan. It is a variable tree and, owing to the

value of the nuts, varieties have been cultivated for the quality of the fruit, particularly in Southern Europe. Most of these are of little importance in the British Isles. Bean states that of the varieties only one, var. *laciniata*, with deeply cut narrow lobes, is of importance as an ornamental tree, but in point of beauty there is little to choose between it and our ordinary English form. Perhaps one of the reasons of the comparative rarity of fine old specimens is the fact that natural regeneration seldom takes place in this country. Now and again chance seedlings may be found, but only at Holkham, in East Anglia, do they occur with any regularity. From the point of view of bearing fruit, it undoubtedly succeeds best in the south of England, but the common walnut is perfectly hardy, and makes a shapely and a noble tree at least as far north as Perthshire, so there is little reason for this neglect, at least as an ornamental tree.

Oddly enough, no authority has ever stated definitely which they considered to be the biggest walnut in England, and even Elwes hesitates to give his opinion on the largest individual tree. There is little doubt that the two walnuts growing close together at Hovingham must be among the largest, and, as a pair, are probably unrivalled for spread of line if not for height. One of the accompanying illustrations shows them at a moderate distance and gives a good example of the picturesque appearance of full-grown trees, while another



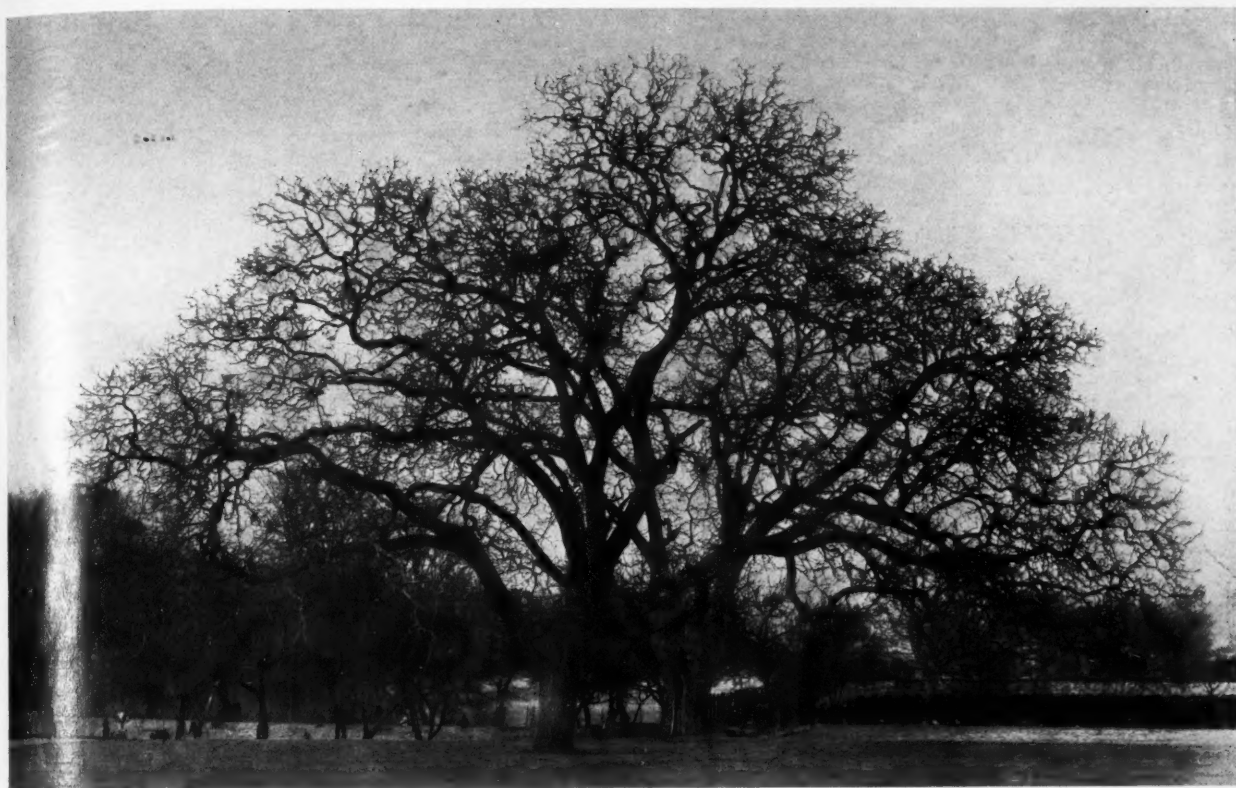
THE PATRIARCH WALNUT AT BOSSINGTON.



A PAIR OF MAGNIFICENT WALNUTS AT HOVINGHAM.



THE TRUNK AND MAIN BRANCHES OF A HOVINGHAM WALNUT.



A SPECIMEN WALNUT IN WINTER.

shows the enormous bole and the massive main limbs of one of the pair. I think this proves that there are few trees which can carry such a solid mass of timber in their main branches with so much beauty and grace. Like the oak, the walnut varies in the height of the trunk before the main branches appear; although the boles of the Hovingham trees are very short, others exist where the trunk rises to a height of 30ft. or 40ft. before a branch appears. As an example I can give a line of five trees in Perthshire whose trunks are 3ft. to 4ft. in diameter where the first break appears about 20ft., and this is by no means uncommon.

The other species, which is fairly often seen, the black walnut, is a native of the Eastern and Central United States. In the type the growth is much more pyramidal. The leaves, which are often 2ft. long, are composed of up to twenty-four leaflets. The black walnut has been in cultivation in England for almost three centuries. It is mentioned by Parkinson, and was introduced into this country by the younger Tradescant. The exact date is unknown, but it was certainly before 1651. It grows particularly well in this country, and although it lacks the picturesque spread of branches and general appearance of a fine old common walnut it is, perhaps, an even better ornamental tree, as it is particularly handsome as a young plant.

Several hybrids between the black

walnut and the common exist, but they are not better than either of the parents. There is, however, one form of the black walnut, of which an illustration is given, which is worthy of notice. This was discovered by Mr. Bruce Jackson at Albury Park, in Surrey, and has been named by him var. *Alburyensis*. It is more spreading and the branches are rather more pendulous than in the type.

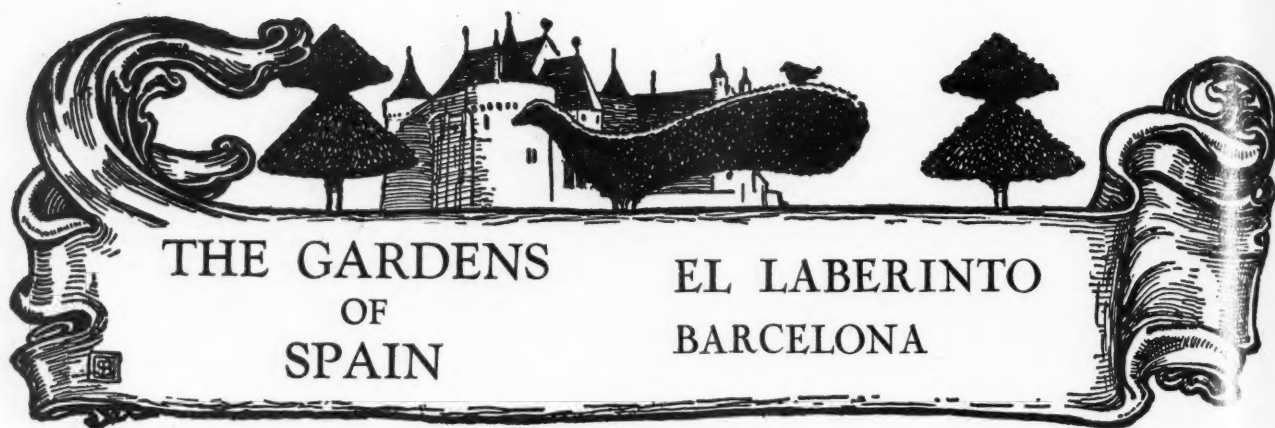
Also its fruits, are borne in clusters of from three to six, instead of only one or two as is usual. This particular tree stands on the lawn to the east of Albury House. The girth at 5ft. above the ground is now 10ft. 2ins., and its height is between 85ft. and 90ft.

Of other species in cultivation there are only two which can be called of first-class importance; one is *J. cinerea*, the American butternut. The main difference between it and the black walnut is in the more downy leaves of the former. It is not quite of such an easy temper, but in a situation to its liking it will grow vigorously, perhaps faster than the black walnut. The other species is the Japanese *J. Sieboldiana*, which has probably the largest leaves of any walnut, sometimes reaching 3ft. It is not, however, of particularly quick growth in this country.

I hope that the illustrations may tempt some of those who are fond of fine ornamental trees to plant a few of this very neglected but very magnificent genus. E. C.



A BLACK WALNUT AT ALBURY.



A formal garden, laid out in the eighteenth century, adjoining the old but disguised Torre Alfarrás, near Barcelona.

LA CIUDAD-JARDIN, the Garden City, appears, at first sight, a surprising name for Barcelona, the great industrial town of Spain. It is one of the busiest ports in the Mediterranean, and amid the rattle of the constantly passing trams and the bustling stream of life that flows along the *ramblas*, as its principal streets are called, gardens of any sort seem far removed. Even the *patios*,

characteristic of other Spanish towns, the stern, granite-paved courtyards of Castile, or the gay, open-air living-rooms, bright with tiles and flowers, of Andalusia, find no counterpart or place in the modern business region. In the heart of the medieval city, however, which lies half way down to the sea, clustering in a compact block round the huge cathedral, there exists a charming reminder of more leisurely days, Moorish days, when

life in a garden was one of the rich man's chief pleasures. The Patio de los Naranjos, the roof garden of the Diputación, the headquarters of the Provincial Council, has tiled flower-beds and fountain, with orange trees (as its name implies) planted formally in the pavement, and the whole backed by a Gothic arcading of unusual richness is a gem of Moslem art in a Christian setting. But it is not the city itself, but its immediate surroundings that give Barcelona the pleasant name of La Ciudad-Jardin.

The splendid amphitheatre of hills which runs from the plain of the Llobregat on the south to the rocky sea coast beyond Badalona is dotted with beautiful old country places and seventeenth and eighteenth century villas. Every family of any consequence in the great seaport had its corresponding property within easy reach of the town, its *torre* called after it—Torre Ferrater, Torre Figuerola, Torre Marti-Codolar, and so on. These *torres* were originally little more than watch-towers, tall, loopholed buildings such as can be seen to this day along the coasts of Macedonia, guarding the vines and the olive trees, the livestock and the gardener's family from the organised raids of sea-rovers and the more casual depredations of local marauders. But as the district government grew stronger and could enforce its laws, the love of country life so marked in Catalonia led the owners of the various *torres* to build on to them, so that they could accommodate their families for months at a time during the summer exodus from the city.

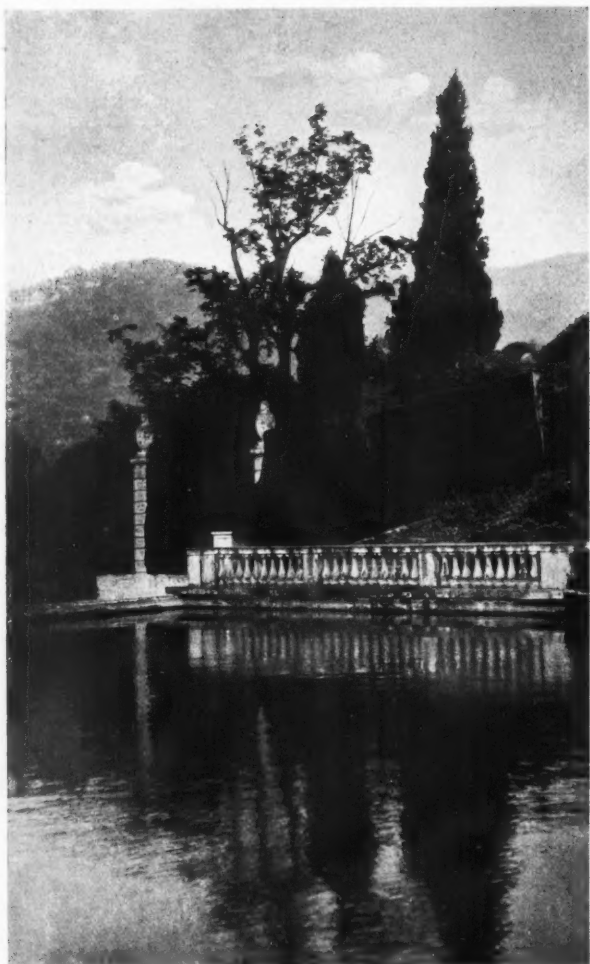
The architecture of Catalonia is as individual as the sturdy Catalan people, which makes it an extraordinarily interesting study. Its churches



"THE POOL AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE."



"A CYPRESS LABYRINTH OF UNUSUAL SIZE AND COMPLEXITY."



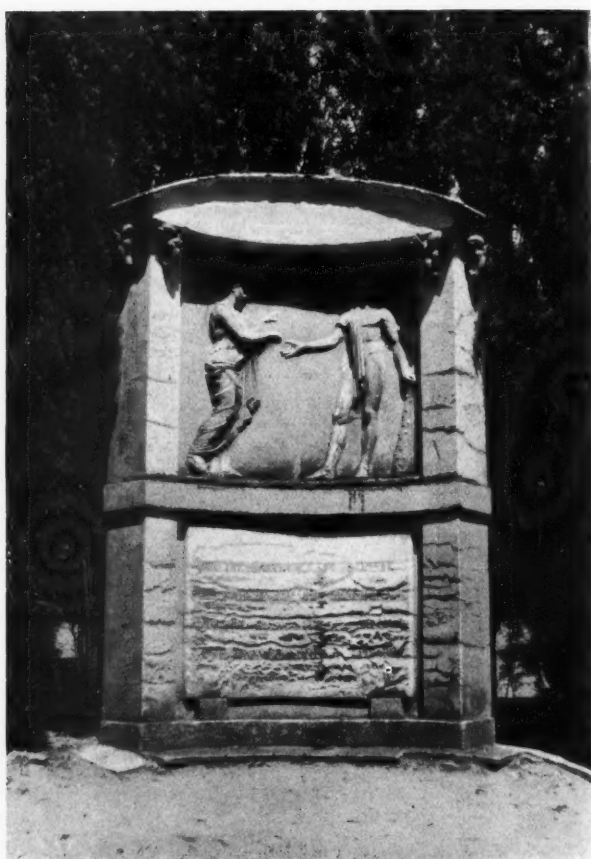
"RIPPLING REFLECTIONS OF CYPRESS TREES AND PINES."



A CLASSICAL "GLORIETA."

are unlike any others in Spain; and its country houses are even more remarkable from the way in which they cling to the traditions of Romanesque building. These semi-fortified manor houses may be divided into two types. There is the long, low composition, with open arcaded gallery under the eaves extending the whole length of the front; and the house on the basilica plan. This last has a nave, as it were, supported by side aisles, and, in place of the west door of the Romanesque church, a wide-arched Catalan entrance composed of huge stones set flush with the rubble and plaster wall. Above, in the gable end, instead of a rose window, a round space is decorated by a sundial or some other ornamental *motif*.

The largest and most famous of the country places near Barcelona is El Laberinto, belonging to the Marqués Alfarrás. It stands on the lower slopes of a wooded hill above the recently made road to Horta. From the comparatively new entrance gates on the highway the avenue of trees and shrubs leads up through the cultivated fields to the oval forecourt, which is fenced with tall iron railings called *verjas*. The large house is a perfect epitome of Catalan building. Its successive stages can be plainly traced, from the central tower, round which the seventeenth century manor house has evolved, down to the



"ARIADNE, THE KING OF CRETE'S DAUGHTER, HANDING THESEUS THE THREAD."

alterations made in the following century. But it must be confessed that the exotic taste of an early nineteenth century owner comes as rather a shock; for he converted the façade into a stage Moorish palace, complete with painted battlements and a sham melon-ribbed dome. It is rare to find an instance like this in Spain of the confused mind of the Romantic period, which saw in Moslem art yet another opportunity for pseudo-Gothic building. This essay in romantic camouflage seems strangely out of place at El Laberinto; the two ducks of happiness swimming in the pool below in the centre of the forecourt are a more genuine link with Moorish days.

From the house terrace at the side another runs out at right angles, and a fine double stairway decorated with vases and busts leads down to the seventeenth century flower garden. This is an amusing little affair, characteristic of its time. Its parterre edged with deep box hedges, like a miniature labyrinth, encloses two small fountain basins and some elaborate ironwork baskets supporting terra-cotta pots that rise like gigantic silver epergnes out of the overgrown flower beds. This much of a garden exists at most old places in the neighbourhood, a terrace where white lilies and roses, jasmine, carnations and stocks are grown to adorn the family chapel. But, as well as this pleasure, entered from the house and shut in on the north

side by high gates, there is a large enclosure below it, belonging to the same scheme. Seen through the shining leaves of the camellia hedge, the vast baroque retaining wall, with its exuberant fountain, forms a picturesque feature; unfortunately, the rest of the plan is lost in a desultory shrubbery, with plots of scanty grass diversified by winding paths, and flower beds under palms, in the familiar Côte d'Azur style, beloved of French hotel-keepers and their gardeners.

Passing through the gates of the little garden on to the far side of the house, the approach to the eighteenth century lay-out

has been got over by a semicircular hedge of clipped cypress, which disguises the divergence between the two plans. The hedge is strengthened at intervals by tall pillars bearing urns, linked together by a succession of low stone seats. Pillars like these, backed by a screen of clipped cypress, are a favourite architectural *motif* in gardens round Barcelona. They are frequently placed so as to hide the orchard or vegetable plot, at the same time leaving a central opening through it, which, terminating in a *glorieta* or even a plaster seat, gives an air of spaciousness to the design. At El Laberinto the various openings

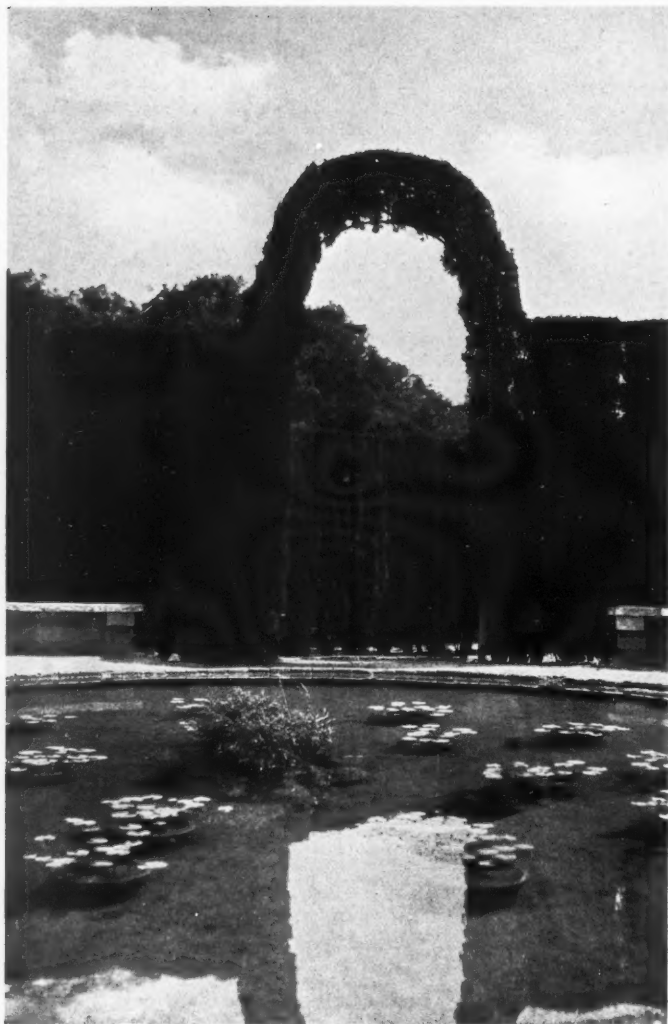


"THE PAVILION ON THE TANK."

is very striking. There has been no re-arrangement here. This garden, which now gives its name to the property, so that it is actually called El Laberinto, and not Torre Alfarrás after the customary manner, is practically untouched since it was planned a hundred and thirty years ago. At that time—when north of the Pyrenees, it will be remembered, the formal garden was not in favour, when it was looked on as lacking in sentiment, and therefore bad taste—a Catalan nobleman was building and planting one of the most delightful to be found in any country.

Owing to the nature of the ground, this upper garden is not central with the house and the earlier work, but the difficulty

in the pillared hedge lead up through the woodland in long cypress-lined alleys. The plan is cleverly adapted to the contours of the hill, and the way the garden fades into the trees at the sides without any very perceptible boundary reminds one of the villa gardens in the ilex woods above Frascati. There is the same feeling of mystery and enchantment that broods over the haunted fountain-pool of the Villa Torlonia. Here, however, the chief feature is not a fountain, but a maze, and half way up, a large terrace has been carved out of the hillside and entirely filled by a cypress labyrinth of unusual size and complexity.



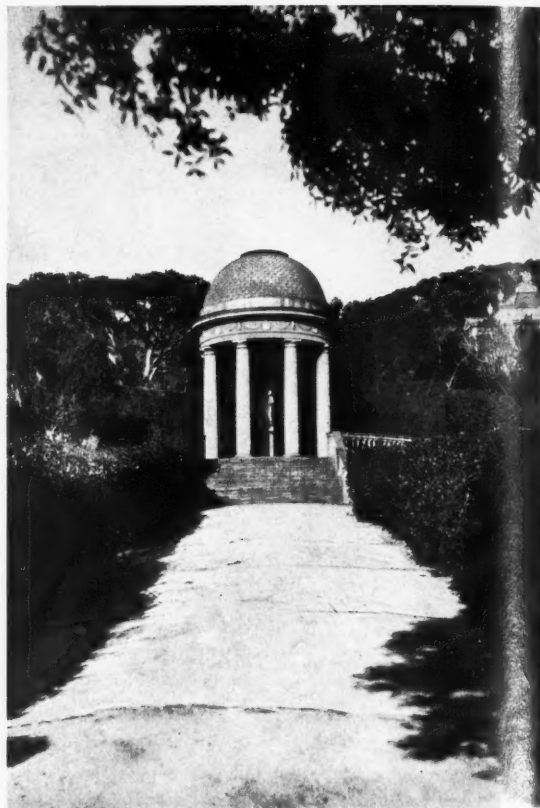
"THE WAY OUT IS EQUALLY FASCINATING."



"DAPHNE, SHYLY ELUDING PURSUIT IN HER LAUREL BUSH."

Every Spanish garden has certain typical features, one of which is a labyrinth. It may only be an involved parterre of clipped box, where a few overgrown roses and a hollyhock or two struggle up towards the light out of the prevailing greenness, a greenness so much admired in a land where little grows without irrigation; or it may be a real maze, like this, with dense, tall hedges making it difficult to trace the key pattern. Large or small, in one form or another, it is sure to be found, just as every Spanish town has its bull-ring.

The cypress labyrinth continues a very ancient Spanish tradition: one that goes back far beyond the gardens of the Moors—though they, too, loved a labyrinth—back through the mists of time into the remote Iberian past. And in a land where every garden has its labyrinth, and every town its bull-ring, the Flaxman-like plaque at the entrance to the maze at El Laberinto is no mere engaging fancy of the classical revival. The delicate bas-relief shows Ariadne, the King of Crete's daughter, handing Theseus the thread she has spun to guide his return after killing the Minotaur. But, instead of the horrid Bull-god, those who win through to the heart



A WALK TO THE UPPER GARDENS.

of this labyrinth will find a figure of Daphne, shily eluding pursuit in her laurel bush.

Intriguing as is the entrance and the reward within the maze, the way out is equally fascinating. The cypress wall round the pool at the foot of the staircase to the next terrace is broken by two arches, one of which leads from the centre of the design. Their dark reflections mirrored in the still water, a lovely contrast to the glowing tones of sky and stonework, repeat the bewildering question, "Is it left, or right?"

Immediately above, a narrow terrace is paved with squares of pinkish terra-cotta. It forms an open-air *sala*, decorated along its back wall with a series of niches framing bas-reliefs, and at each end by delightful little round temples, classical *glorietas*, in which to sit at ease and watch the struggles of the venturesome below in the maze. From here steps ascend to a still higher level, where a large pavilion stands on the edge of a tank sixty feet square, surrounded by a paved walk, not unlike the great tank in the Shahlimar Bagh, Lahore. This proves the end of the garden. Beyond the fountain grotto at the far side of the tank, the wild, pine-covered hills are shut out by just such another screen of pillars and clipped cypress as that which



ON THE WAY DOWN.

guards the entrance down by the house. Behind the screen, on either side, a few tall cypresses have escaped the gardener's shears, and their spires stand out boldly against the mauve and purple shadows of the hills.

The pavilion on the tank-side, rising from the water, strengthening the Oriental impression of the tank itself, is the most distinctive feature in the garden after the labyrinth. Its roof of clear yellow faience, ribbed with sage green, shines through the trees, catching the eye long before the topmost terrace is reached. Classical in inspiration, the pavilion is carried out in a thoroughly Catalan manner. Side porticoes roofed with yellow and green tiles in alternate squares suggest the characteristic side aisles of the country houses, and the central disc with its painted sundial has not been forgotten. The inside is as attractive as the exterior. In the centre hangs a fine old brass chandelier; in each corner alcove a slender goddess is enshrined; and the late eighteenth century settees, with their echo of Chippendale, have obviously been designed to fit the room. When the windows are opened and the sun shutters flung back, it is difficult to say which is the most enchanting view, that across the reservoir, with its rippling reflections of cypress trees and pines, or the outlook southward over the terraces and the wide sweep of the harbour to the open sea, where, on calm summer evenings, the fairy mountains of the Balearics float on the horizon.

At the top of the building is a marble group, "Art Crowning Nature." Below is the motto: "Artis Naturæque Concordia Pulchra." "A lovely harmony of Art and Nature" well sums up the scene. Its charm is that of numerous old Italian gardens, with their dignified simplicity. Only, here the



"A FINE DOUBLE STAIRWAY . . . LEADS DOWN TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FLOWER GARDEN."

colouring is richer. There are few flowers besides the water-lilies in the pools and the roses climbing over the balustrades, but the ochre of the stonework and the soft, faded pinks of the terra-cotta make a perfect combination of colour with the golden tiles and the vivid green of the quick-growing cypress hedges. And, as well as this broad simplicity and the individuality of its local application and colouring, El Laberinto has a unity of detail rare in any garden scheme; not a vase too many, not a

bas-relief or figure that does not mean something, that does not appear, like the furniture of the pavilion, to have been specially designed for the place it occupies; a restraint that gives a wonderful sense of completeness to this Spanish Mediterranean garden.

CONSTANCE MARY VILLIERS-STUART.

[This article, together with others, will appear in "Spanish Gardens," by Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, to be published by Messrs. Batsford in May.]

IRONWORK ON CHURCH DOORS

SINCE the appearance of the first article on this subject in COUNTRY LIFE some twelve months ago, attention has been drawn to, and considerable interest aroused by, the revival of the artistic working of iron in certain country villages. This is no cause for surprise—indeed, it would be strange if so deep-rooted an industry were entirely to die out. There are still to be found villages where the local traditional crafts continue to be practised, crafts which reach far back into past centuries: for it may be said without fear of contradiction that it would have been difficult in those early days to find villages where the practice of one craft or another was not part of the normal life of the community. This we can readily understand when we recall the social condition of these villages, their isolation, the monotony of existence, the lack of ordinary conveniences or even necessities, the circumscribed environment in which life was passed. It says much for the determination and energy of our ancestors that the absence of distraction did not lead to a deadening *ennui*: rather it seems to have aroused in them a desire to do or make something and to make it well. One cannot help feeling astonishment and admiration at the widespread artistic and manipulative skill of the men and women of those days, not confined to cities and large towns, but manifesting and developing itself in small and remote spots where individual craftsmen, largely ignorant of the great world beyond, succeeded in imparting some grace of art to objects for daily use, and lavished all their skill in simple, unaffected beauty. It was this artistic energy which reached its culmination in the thirteenth century, that marvellous period of excellence in every branch of art, when English work was proverbial for loveliness throughout Europe.

The working of metal was the craft which commended itself to the English temperament and evoked the most splendid achievements: the great monastic establishments were the homes of goldsmiths whose work not only graced the churches of the country but found its way to the mansions of many of the nobility both here and on the Continent.

But the working of iron, with which this article is concerned, was confined within no such limits. In every village smithing was a necessary craft, and the local blacksmith an important person. Iron ore was plentiful, and smelting presented no great difficulty: the fact that this hard metal only yielded to intense heat gave increased zest to the sturdy Englishman. The words of Jesus the son of Sirach may fittingly be applied to these men living out their lives in the confines of the village, and largely dependent on their own resources for the designs and ideas to be embodied in their work: "Thesmith also sitting by the anvil, and considering the iron work, the vapour of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace: the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears,

and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly . . . every one is wise in his work . . . their desire is in the work of their craft."

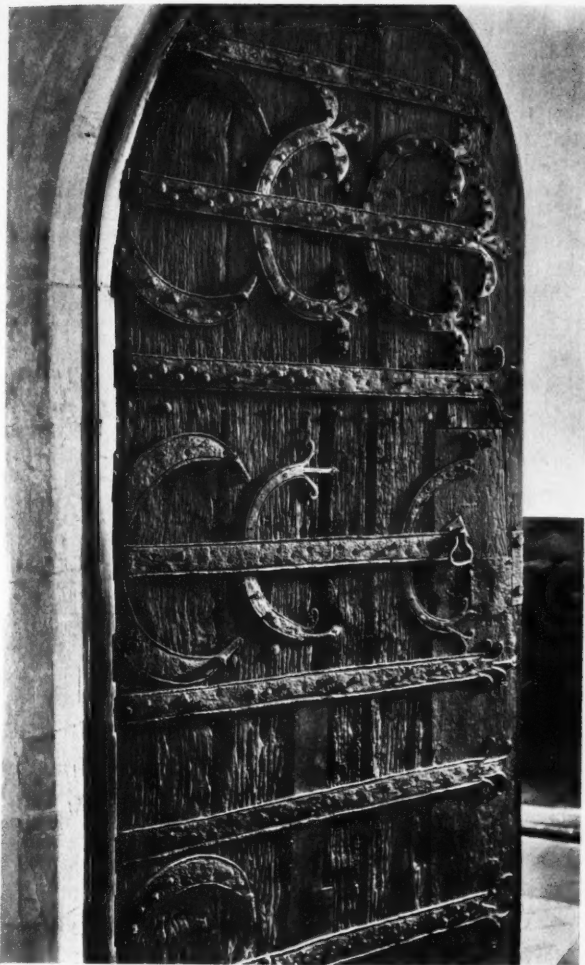
The strengthening of doors with ironwork, especially the doors of churches, dates from very early times: illustrations are found in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of more or less ornate work, and a great number of iron-mounted doors still remain throughout the length and breadth of the land. They form a great series from the twelfth century onwards, and exhibit a wonderful variety of designs, limited only by the fertile imagination of the smiths. Classification is difficult and need not be too closely insisted on: outside influences were few and may be occasionally traced, but in some cases smiths in widely distant places arrived at the same style, whose first essential was strength and protection, and whose ornament seemed fittest to supplement these primary considerations. Naturally enough, in early days churches called for protection, possibly because refuge would be taken there in times of emergency, or because they contained great treasures in the precious metals. In no country is it possible to find a larger or more varied group of decorated church doors of early date than in England, a fact which has encouraged a well known authority to assert that the fashion for richly worked iron in connection with ecclesiastical edifices originated in England.

Our illustrations are, for the most part, taken from examples in the west of England; but the solitary example from the eastern part of the country (Fig. 2) first claims our attention. This door at the church of Hartley, Kent, some five miles from Gravesend, shows a very prevalent type of ironwork. Here the stout timbers are held together by solid horizontal straps of iron, the fixing studs of which add to the decorative effect. Most of them are reinforced with crescent-shaped straps, some of which terminate in dragon heads and others in fleurs-de-lis. (The present appearance of the door suggests that the iron mounts have, in part at least, been rearranged.) Thus, not only is there a fine artistic whole, but the combination of crescent scrolls and straight bars ensures the greater resisting power at which the smith aimed. Doors of this style are more common in the east than in the west of England: they are to be found largely in the eastern counties. It may be that in that part of the country which was more exposed to enemy attacks greater resisting power was essential more than elsewhere.

In the illustrations of work in the west of England another type is seen. The doors of Wedmore and Low Ham—the former about four miles south-south-west of Cheddar, and the latter about three miles north-east of Langport, both in Somersetshire—(Figs. 3, 5 and 7) have solid planks fixed by studs probably



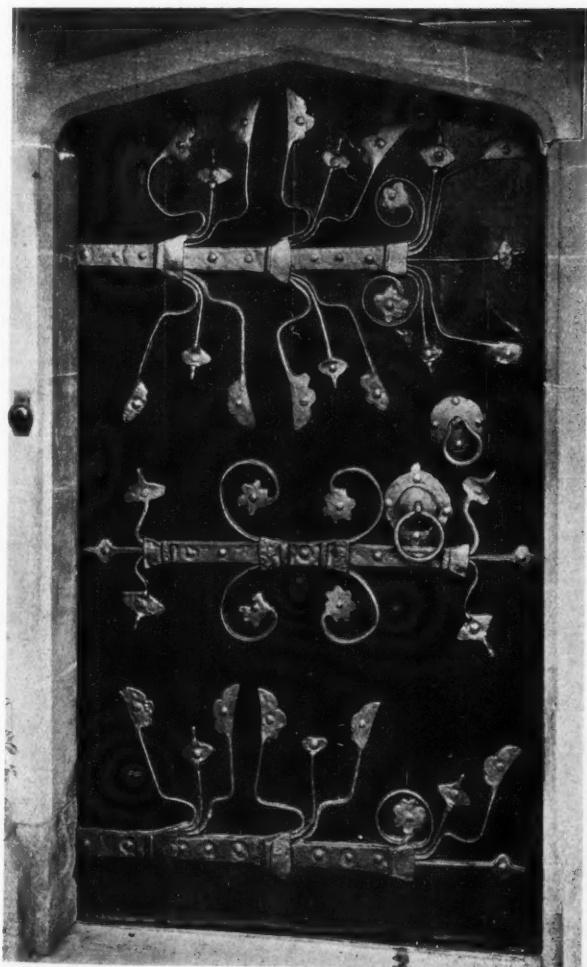
1.—DARTMOUTH: IRONWORK OF SOUTH DOOR.



2.—HARTLEY: IRON OF SOUTH DOOR



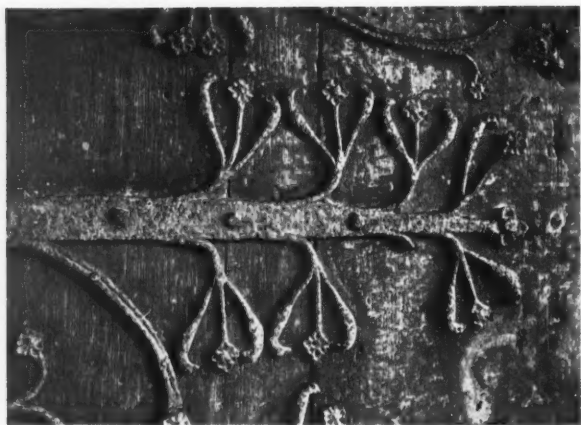
3.—WEDMORE: SOUTH DOOR.



4.—SHARPHAM PARK: IRONWORK ON DOOR.



5.—LOW HAM: WEST DOOR.



6.—WELLS CATHEDRAL: HINGE OF DOOR TO CHAPTER HOUSE UNDERCROFT.



7.—LOW HAM: HINGE OF WEST DOOR SHOWN IN FIG. 5.

to an inner lining. Solid iron hinge-bands pass across the top and bottom of the door: but, instead of the strengthening crescent forms, simple scrolls diverge from the bands above and below. There is clearly here not the same need for protection as is noticeable elsewhere, and the craftsman in each case has lavished his skill in beautifying his work; this is more apparent in the Wedmore example, where the three centre straps, with their many whorls, suggest not only a ready skill in the fashioning of iron, but a real pleasure in the work: and the slight inaccuracies here and there only serve to increase the general pleasing effect.

The examples at Moorlynch, six miles west of Glastonbury, and at Wells (Figs. 8 and 6) are of more primitive workmanship and have the appearance of being the work of less able smiths. The former, shaped like a large trident, would probably have had stronger resisting power had the trident occupied a position nearer the hinge of the door: yet, as it is, it has a bold decorative effect which was, perhaps, the smith's main intention. The hinge (Fig. 6) from a group on the door of the chapter house at Wells Cathedral is effective, though rough: it has something in common with those at Wedmore and Low Ham, but is without their symmetry; the result was evidently satisfactory to the craftsman. He was acquainted with the process of striking hot iron into prepared dies, and has made use of it for rosettes, as well as grooved some of the larger scrolls: these features, used to perfection in thirteenth century work, are found on a door at Merton College, Oxford; another at St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and in particular on the grille above the tomb of Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey, made by the well known Thomas of Leighton.

At Meare Church, three miles north-west of Glastonbury, the hingework on the south door (Fig. 10) is clearly from the hand of an experienced designer and craftsman: it takes the form of a conventional arrangement of flowers, leaves and tendrils,



8.—MOORLYNCH: HINGE OF SOUTH CHANCEL DOOR.

springing from a hinge-band of rough vase form; the graceful flow of the lines denotes a master craftsman who, with comparative ease, overcame the difficulties of his material: he has attempted slight decoration on the hinge-band, but has been content with merely flattening out the ends of the scrolls to form leaves and berries. The mounts on the door at Sharpsham Park show similar treatment (Figs. 4 and 9). Sharpsham Park, an old house, now a farm, situated two miles south-west of Glastonbury, was formerly a manor house and residence of the Abbots of Glastonbury. The last abbot is said to have been residing here when arrested for high treason at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The form of the hinge-band follows the general lines of that at Meare, and the flattened treatment of leaves and berries is alike on both doors. One might hazard the suggestion that they were the work of the same smith, whose aim was the provision of rich ornamentation, the idea of protection being quite secondary.

All the work referred to so far dates from the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. The work on the door at Dartmouth (Fig. 1) is of later date and in an entirely different style. It represents a tree—perhaps meant for a vine—with root and central stem, from which springs a symmetrical arrangement of branches, tendrils and leaves, across which are two lions *passant regardant*, part of the ancient arms of the town, and the date 1631. It is unlike anything English: the treatment of the leaves, with their deep indentations, so strongly resembles many examples to be found in south-west Germany that we feel the craftsman must have been acquainted with this Continental work. It must, however, be remembered that the German work of this character belongs to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The transposition of the figures composing the date, from 1631 to 1361, would approximate more nearly to the date of the prototypes of this exotic production. W. W. WATTS.



9.—SHARPHAM PARK: IRON HINGEWORK.



10.—MEARE: LOWER HINGE OF SOUTH DOOR.

AT THE THEATRE

AN ORGY OF "PORGY."

ONLY, the *g* is pronounced hard, as in the goat which draws Porgy on his beggar's rounds. The play, which has been adapted by Mrs. Dorothy Heyward from Mr. Du Bose Heyward's novel, is quite unlike a number of things which have been presented to us as adumbrations of negro character. It is unlike the mulings and pukings of Mr. Al Jolson's *Sonny Boy*. It bears no resemblance to the coal-black mammies of Messrs. Layton and Johnstone. Though the lighting in "Virginia" is a borrowing from the remarkable scheme which Mr. Mamoulian devised for a scene of mourning in "Porgy," there is no other resemblance between the two works. In comparison, *Black and White Birds* moult no feather. The manners of the characters are not those of the ebony gentlemen who manipulate drums, saxophones and muted trombones for the delight of those fashionables who, having no after-dinner conversation, must dance the time away. The play is not remotely like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. What it does faintly resemble, or might resemble if the characters met with other adventures, is Mr. Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" and Mr. Carl van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven*. One feels that if the city inhabited by Mr. Du Bose Heyward's negroes were New York instead of Charleston they would probably conduct themselves after the manner of Mr. van Vechten's spoilt darlings. One would not give away too much of the plot. In outline one may, perhaps, say that Porgy is a cripple who falls in love with a not very proper young lady called Bess, who is the property of a totally uncivilised brute of the name of Crown. Crown murders a fellow-dicer in a gaming quarrel, after which he must take to the jungle until the police hue-and-cry is over, declaring that he does not care what Bess does during his absence but that he will come for her when it is safe for him to appear in Charleston again. So Bess goes to live with Porgy. But during a picnic which takes place in Crown's jungle she returns temporarily to Crown, and frankly the scene is very frank. Many, many years ago George du Maurier drew a picture in *Punch* showing Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns descending from her carriage at the entrance to a theatre. A lout in the gutter made grimy offering: "Book of the play, lidy. Dam o' Cameleers. Book of the play!" Whereat Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns was represented as drawing herself up to her full height and saying: "We have come to see the acting and have no desire to understand the play!" Many of the spectators at His Majesty's Theatre were willy-nilly in the position of du Maurier's lady for the reason that the words of this piece are couched in an idiom which it is extremely difficult for those unacquainted with the Southern States to follow. Take this snatch of dialogue and consider how difficult it is to follow when spoken at top speed in the South Carolina accent:

BESS. Take yo' hot han' off me. I tells yo' I stayin' wid Porgy for keeps.

CROWN. Yo' is tellin' me yo' radder hab' dat crawlin' cripple dan Crown?

BESS. It like dis, Crown—I de only 'oman Porgy eber hab'. An' I thinkin' how it goin' be if all dese odder nigger goes back to Cattish Row to-night, an' I ain't come home to um. He be like a little chil' dat los' its ma. Dat boat goin' widout me! Lemme go! Crown, I'll come back fo' see yo'. I swear I'll come on de Friday boat. Jus' lemme go now! I can't stop out here all night. I 'fraid! Dere's t'ings

movin' in de t'icket—rattlesnake, an' such! Lemme go, I tells yo'. Take yo' han' off me!

CROWN. No man ever take my 'oman from me. It goin' to be good joke on Crown ef he lose um to one wid no leg' an' no gizzard.

Bess returns once more to Porgy, and the next incident in the play is a terrific thunderstorm with one of the negro fishermen in peril on the river. Only Crown, the complete brute, has both the will and the strength to effect a rescue, from which he turns quite indifferently to the base work of breaking in upon Porgy's happiness and wresting Bess from him. Whereupon Porgy strangles him. But Porgy is summoned to identify the dead man, and while he is away Bess slips off to New York with a dope-peddler called Sporting Life, a character who might really have come out of Mr. van Vechten's book. The play ends with Porgy setting out in his goat-cart on the long trek to New York in quest of a woman of whom a writer in another age would have said that she was more sinned against than sinning.

A large part of the performance consists of the singing of negro spirituals which spring out of the action of the piece and so are utterly different from the drawing-room embellishments with which Miss Edna Thomas has acquainted us in the music-halls. Some of these spirituals are extraordinarily dramatic. A capital example is the one which runs:

Oh, I gots a little brudder in de new grabeyahd
What outshine de sun,
An' I'll meet um in de Primus Lan'!

Oh, I'll meet um in de Primus Lan'!
I will meet um, meet um, meet um,
I will meet um, meet um, meet um,
I will meet um in de Primus Lan'!

Oh, I gots a mansion up on high
What ain't make wid han',
Ain't make wid han',
Ain't make wid han',
Oh, I gots a mansion up on high
What ain't make wid han',
An' I'll meet um in de Primus Lan'!

The production of this piece is as remarkable as the acting. There are seldom fewer than twenty people on the stage, and

the whole effect of the play is largely made out of shifting pictures of light and shade and bodies moving in delicate poise. The scenery, which is principally confined to the sordid tenement known as Catfish Row, has yet an extraordinary beauty, the beauty which comes from many layers of colour baked by the Southern sun. Of the acting one can only say that it must be believed to be quite first-class in a kind of which we have very little experience over here. How far these actors are accomplished performers, or children entering into parts which they can play without learning, it is difficult to say. But the way they play together and into one another's hands must anyhow constitute a miracle of organising on the part of Mr. Rouben Mamoulian. Curiously enough, the principal character in the piece is one who hardly occurs in any bare description of the plot. This character is Serena, the widow of the man first murdered. She does little, but it is in her that the action centres. Or, perhaps, you might say that the play has two



MISS ROSE MACCLENDON AS SERENA.

centres, for set up over and against Serena is the figure of the giant bully, Crown. Our portrait is that of Miss Rose MacClendon as Serena, and it requires very little imagination to realise how on the stage this actress has recaptured some of the sad beauty which one had thought to be the prerogative of the great Duse. It would be idle and uninforming to print a long catalogue of mere names, but I cannot help recording

here my gratitude to Messrs. Frank Wilson and Jack Carter for their performance of Porgy and Crown, and to Miss Evelyn Ellis for her Bess. The enthusiasm on the first night was very great. Before the curtain rose Mr. Cochran, to whom the thanks of all playgoers are due, made an entirely proper little speech in which he acknowledged his debt to the Theatre Guild of New York.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE DIARY OF A MIDLAND FARMER—MARCH

"MAN is an animal that cooks his victuals," but the farmer (as some of us think) must be something more than a man, growing, as he does, other people's victuals to cook. The month of March brought to Midland farmers fresh reminders that, as men, they must be pretty wide-awake if they are to continue to cope with the problems which farming throws at them monthly. Here, in the Midlands, the main problems of the month of March were thrown at us in ten words—frost, no rain, no winter oats, influenza, pigs and potatoes.

The answer to most of those problems was (as always in farming) "work!" The farmer goes to work with a groan quite as often as does any other man, but he would be something less than a man if he did not find in his work a fearful fascination. The fascination of farming is no new thing, but there are new sides to it to-day, and those new sides have brought out new qualities in farm workers themselves. The influenza of this month of March brought into prominence the uses of the tractor, and (what was more comforting) it also brought into prominence the fact that an increasing proportion of, at any rate, the younger men on a farm understand machinery and can work a motor. Here, in the Midlands, we stimulate understanding with a bonus. So far as the use of the tractor goes, it is a bonus of sixpence an acre for ploughing and of threepence an acre for other operations. It is, naturally, the younger men who are the quickest to get to understand that farmers must keep abreast with modern requirements and conditions; and it is, perhaps, *only* the younger men who ever welcome the fact that difficult conditions and modern competition call for experiments and the testing of systems.

Systems and experiments are not undertaken lightly by the individual farmer. Where the risk of failure can be gauged, the possible costliness of an experiment can then be seen and—if capital permits—the risk accepted beforehand. But there are very few farming experiments of which the risks will not be rendered incalculable by the weather. For the month of March now past, all previous weather experience led us to

calculate on a dry month with ground frosts throughout. That calculation was a correct one; but we did not bargain for a month so dry that scarcely a trace of rain could be recorded throughout the Midlands from the beginning of the month to the end. There were only two days on which so much as a drop of rain fell in any part of the Midlands, and we had a day temperature during the last week approaching those we expect in the height of summer. The warm weather itself was most welcome after frosts of March had continued to follow the very severe frosts of February. With the help of the sun, grass fields, which had been gloomily lacking in colour until that last week of the month, began to return to their normal freshness. Only rain was wanting.

These frosts of January, February and March have meant extensive loss of potatoes in the clamps—and *expensive* loss of winter oats. The potato loss has been more extensive than expensive. The 1928 crop was an unusually good one. Had there been no wholesale damage by frost, prices obtainable for potatoes must have fallen to a very low figure. Speaking generally, this potato loss, to Midland farmers as a whole, has probably been compensated by the maintenance of prices. The poor farmer, that is to say, has lost money by the frosts; but because prices have been maintained he has lost no *more* money under this head than he would have lost if there had been no such extensive damage to potatoes. The damage to winter oats has been much more sweeping and much more costly. On the majority of farms winter oats have been entirely killed. Right up to the third week of the month we hoped that a proportion of the plants would survive; but, by the end of that third week, not a vestige of green remained.

For the sowing of spring cereals the March weather conditions were almost ideal. Indeed, we may stretch a point of gratitude and say that they were ideal. Those months of frost had been distinctly beneficial to arable land, and definitely reduced the number of cultivations usually necessary in the preparation of seed beds. By the end of March all spring oats



Elberton Lulham.

"THE GREAT HILLS OF THE SOUTH COUNTRY COME BACK INTO MY MIND."

Copyright.



"AY, THE HORSES TRAMPLE, THE HARNESS JINGLES NOW"

and barley had been sown, and those drilled during the middle of the month were showing through the ground before April 1st. In spite of the absence of rain, the arable land retained a sufficient water content for the purposes of germination, and the rate of germination was speeded up by that last week of hot weather.

Tractors may be said to have saved the farm from the consequences of influenza; indeed, with half the men down with 'flu, we should have had a very awkward time if tractors had not been available. In farming there is a proper time—almost a proper *moment*—for doing things; and if things can't be done at that proper time they frequently cannot be done at all. The tractor will sometimes, and alone, enable a thing to be done when the time in which to do it has been cut very short by the weather. Tractors, by now, have had a fair trial in farming, and may be said to have passed their tests with honours. If the occasional breakdown is as exasperating and inconvenient as ever, it occurs now only occasionally. In proper hands the modern tractor is a highly efficient machine, a definite and immensely valuable part of farm equipment.

At the moment a shortage of home-grown fodder supplies is worrying us, and it is probable that we shall soon have to be buying hay. The only hay which remains to us here is part of a stack two years old which was badly weathered prior to stacking and is very poor in quality. Milk yields of the herd are falling off in consequence. The fodder shortage is general. A neighbour shows me his Dutch barn emptier than it has been at this season of the year in all the forty-five years of its existence.

The pig trade, on the other hand, has very bright prospects. Pigs are "either copper or gold," and if none of us has ever seen a silver pig, too many of us have been looking at the copper kind for too long. But now the economists, and people who deal in figures, are promising us a good pig trade period for the next eighteen months. It seems there is a world shortage at the moment, and the severe winter (which brought heavy losses among newly born pigs in this country) is said to have meant an even heavier mortality in European pig-exporting countries. Our pork prices were round about 12s. per stone at the beginning of March, and had risen to 13s. 6d. and 14s.



"THE SOWING."

by the end of the month. Those are dead weight prices, and we favour selling on that basis, if only as a means of checking the strains and crosses which kill out at the best weights. A recent marketing, for example, gave a useful comparison between pure bred Middle Whites and a Tamworth-Middle White cross. The former gave a dead-to-live-weight percentage of 72 and the latter 75. Incidentally, the pure Middle White is the less liked of the two locally. Butchers say that the Tamworth cross gives a greater length to the side, with a plenty of lean meat and no excessive fat. They declare that for pork purposes the Tamworth cross cannot be excelled.

The last contribution of March to my diary is a recipe for conquering bad temper in a bull. The Friesian bull of a neighbour was endlessly troublesome by reason of his temper. In the next box to him some calves were housed, and the other day the partition between the boxes broke away. The calves got into the bull box. The paternal instinct asserted itself and grew daily stronger. The bull has settled down permanently to a peaceful outlook on life as the father of a family surrounded by his children. The owner intends always to run calves along with this particular bull. It may be that the peace and prosperity of all bulls would be advanced by a similar practice.

MONTACUTE

JUST west of Yeovil are three country houses, to one of which the debatable title of the most beautiful house in England must surely be given. Brympton d'Evercy is the most charming *pot pourri* of styles; Barrington (to my mind) the most perfectly designed; and Montacute the most gorgeous, both in itself and in its surroundings. All three date predominantly from the Tudor period, but are refined by the austerity of the Gothic tradition that continued, after its decadence elsewhere, among the masons of the Ham Hill quarries whence all three were built. For four centuries the Phelps family has been possessed of Montacute, though some twenty years ago it was let to the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. When Lady Curzon's lease expires, as it is shortly due to do, Montacute is to be sold. The crisis may make us resolve our doubts, so that we may at once tempt and caution a possible purchaser by awarding the golden apple to this member of the trinity. But there is scarcely room for two opinions about the gardens of Montacute. They unite the nobility of the Renaissance formal gardens of Italy with the softness and colour of England, and, unlike most English formal gardens, are nearly as old as the Italian prototypes. The fountain basin illustrated below is strongly reminiscent of the haunted pool at the Villa Torlonia. Everywhere it is the golden Ham Hill stone that is used, which weds the balustrades and terraces to the rich Somerset soil. The superb mass of the house is framed in spacious lawns and borders and suitably ancestral oaks.

The history of the place goes back to long before Edward Phelps built the present house and laid out its balustraded forecourt late in Elizabeth's reign. It lies under the shadow of that sharp hill on which legend has it that the Holy Cross of Waltham was found, that Harold carried to Senlac as England's most potent relic. The Norman grantee of the hill, finding its Saxon name

unpronounceable, dubbed it Mons Acutus when he built his castle on its peak, and his successor founded the Cluniac priory at the foot of the hill, of which the noble gate-house—a late addition—survives as one of the gems of Early Tudor architecture.

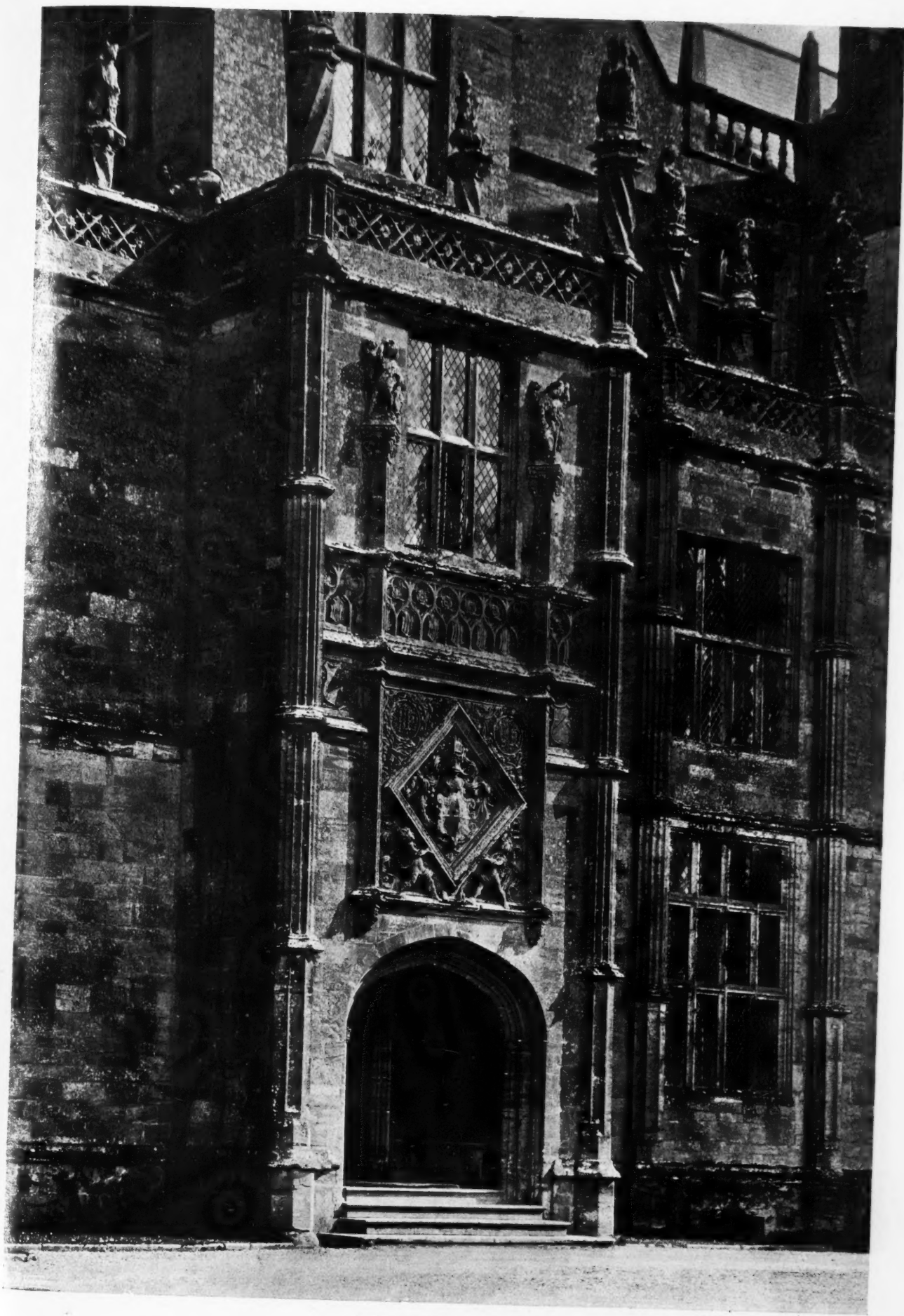
Between priory and house lies the village, well worthy of its stately neighbours. The building of the house was begun about 1580 by a younger Phelps son, whose successful career at the Bar and at Westminster enabled him to buy the property from his elder brother. Longleat, Wollaton and Kirby were either well advanced or finished by that time, and the strong classical influence evident at Montacute has suggested that the architect, John Thorpe, was at least partly responsible for this edifice too. In disposition, however, the house remains true to the Tudor tradition of a plan the shape of an H, with a central porch giving into the screens of a flat-ceiled hall. This apartment contains remarkable plasterwork scenes illustrating the fate of a henpecked husband. The finest room, however, is the panelled gallery running the length of the house in the roof.

In front of the east elevation, Edward Phelps laid out a forecourt surrounded by balustraded walls and set with toy temples in place of the bastions of an earlier day. At the angles he put two exquisite pavilions and at the end a pair of gatepiers. But when the entrance front was changed to the west side of the house, this forecourt was converted into a garden, connecting the other parts north and south that had been laid out as formal parterres after the Restoration.

The change of entrance fronts took place in 1786, when a later Edward Phelps bought the front of Clifton Maybank House in Dorset and set it up at Montacute, thereby not only providing a passage-way between wings, but greatly enriching the beauty of the house. The intrusion of this remarkable Henry VIII work, with its twisted spires and embroidered porch, is sufficiently apt to be in appearance scarce an intrusion at all.



THE NORTH SIDE OF MONTACUTE.



THE WEST PORCH.

A KING OF FRANCE

Louis XI, by Pierre Champion. Translated and adapted by Winifred Stephens Whale. (Cassell's.)

IT may seem certainly odd and, perhaps, unmannerly for a reviewer—when he has in hand a book containing, short of index, scarcely more than three hundred pages, forty of which are occupied by an Introduction—to recommend the reader not to read this till he has read the text. The explanation, however, should be sufficient. M. Champion wishes to show that most people who have built up the usual and not very favourable idea of Louis XI have done it unfairly, and as a preliminary to doing this he deals first with these unjust forerunners themselves. That may be well enough for readers who are more or less well acquainted—as some of us no doubt are—with Commynes and the rest at one end, and Scott, Hugo and Michelet at the other. It is likely to puzzle more than to help others, especially those who know little beyond “Quentin Durward” and, perhaps, some other matters, dramatic or non-dramatic, touching chiefly on Villon.

Now, M. Champion's own account, putting what he supposes to be the right view, is clear, detailed and consecutive enough. Although it is, in a way, the account of a partisan, it enables any intelligent person to draw conclusions for himself; and if he has a real fancy for historical enquiry, he can tackle the Introduction afterwards with some chance of understanding it critically and forming an intelligent opinion whether Louis XI was a nice person or not. That he was an uncommonly clever one no one, who is not himself anything but clever, ever has denied or ever will deny; while it is also pretty clear that, in shaping the history of France, no more than two or three other persons can be allowed to rank with him. Some readers may, perhaps, desire a little more enlightenment than they receive on the exact meaning of the words “translated and adapted.” The uncertainty, however, leaves one in an interesting doubt whether those most objectionable people, the *écorcheurs*, really “flayed” their victims before they “stripped them of their garments.”

But the narrative itself, though its “adaptation” may sometimes have failed to do it full justice, is by no means devoid of merit. Its two chief faults are a most undue scarcity of dates and (as a consequence mainly of this) an irregularity of what may be called adjustment of parts of story. Otherwise we get a pretty full account of what the hero, not exactly the most heroic of heroes, was, did and suffered—or, rather, made other people suffer. For M. Champion, to do him justice once more, if he does not tell all the truth, tells, as far as we have observed, nothing that is not the truth. He allows Louis to appear as a most unfilial son, though he rather states by inference than by direct exemplification the father's faults; a very unamiable husband to his first wife Margaret of Scotland; a brutal father to his daughter, the unlucky Princess Jeanne, who figures in Scott's book; and certainly not a fraternal brother, though he rather denies than disproves the accusation of actual fratricide by agent. He admits further, in some cases at any rate, his hero's sharp practice in treaties and bargaining generally; while, though he naturally makes some fun of us as to that “invasion” of France by Edward IV, on which we do not particularly pride ourselves, he rather generously admits that third parties regarded it as, from the point of view of honour, by no means a French triumph, and even in a fashion as laying France under tribute to England.

He is enabled to be thus frank because it is evidently his object to depict his subject first as an excellent man of business (which he was) and, secondly, as the first reducer of France to a regularly administered community instead of a confused, troubled and troublesome heap of heterogeneous and quarrelsome entities, from the impossibly appanaged princes of the blood through the greater and smaller barons, “good towns,” individuals of this or that personal, commercial and official importance, to “Free Companions” who were mostly bandits and peasantry who were almost wholly serfs.

Now, no doubt, Louis had some such an object in view and did make some progress towards it, to be followed after a century and a half of trouble by Richelieu. But he was—perhaps had to be—exceedingly unscrupulous in his choice of processes; and there can be no doubt that his neglect—or, to be fair, let us say omission—to foster the growth of what we may call a middle aristocracy, such as was allowed to grow up without offensive privileges but with the feeling of gentility in England, had, at however long a distance, no small effect in bringing about the French Revolution.

But from this side it may be allowed that he did what seemed the best thing to do, and that there was some good in it. Unfortunately, his personal character and actions have

very little that is attractive about them, and it does not do much good to urge that, after all, he did not keep Cardinal Baluc for all those years in an iron cage where he could not stretch himself. M. Champion's own account of the fate of Jacques D'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, will do pretty well by itself on the score of cruelty, and most people will hardly be reconciled by his, no doubt, sedulous practice of methods which (as at least one great dignitary of his own faith told him) were no propitiation to God for faults committed against man.

There is, however, plenty of interesting matter in the book, sometimes readably enough told, and lovers of Scott will be pleased to see how little Sir Walter has gone outside history in the Péronne affair except in that point of the slaying of the Bishop, which he confesses to have been an anachronism wanted for the business of the novel.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

THERE is, for me at least, in approaching any new book of this author's, a tingling sense of adventure which I cannot very easily explain. I do not expect exciting incident of her or tearing tragedy or even vivacious comedy. I expect a story deep in understanding of human nature, beautifully told, and she has never failed to give it me. I expect characters the working of whose hearts and brains I shall recognise as faithfully shown even while I see farther into them than I could have without her aid. It is the expectation of these new contacts, perhaps, which keys my mind to such pleasurable excitement. *Dark Hester* is as beautifully written as any of its predecessors and as stimulating. Monica Wilmott, just at the first touch of the winter of life, a mother who has adored her only son and lost him in marriage, is wonderfully a living, breathing woman; Hester, her modern and repellent daughter-in-law, too; and Captain Ingpen, the man whom they both love in differing ways. Clive, the son and husband of the two women, has hardly so much life, but Robin, his sad little son, is a triumph. The action of the story is almost entirely on the mental rather than the physical plane, and with a different last chapter that would have been no drawback. As it is, the long talk between Monica, Hester and Clive, which seems to suggest a happy ending, is not dramatic enough to convince one that it could effect any deep change in the talkers' relationships. It seems to me that the tangle in which they find themselves is one of those, so common in life, which there is no unravelling. I hoped against hope that the author would prove I was mistaken, but she merely left me a little bewildered and unconvinced. I do not think that Hester and Monica could ever have been very happy again, and since I had taken them both to my heart as living realities, I left them sorrowful.

S.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

THIS book tells, in an almost epic form, the story of the development of one family from the waterfront negro and the negro of the phosphate mines to a modern coloured girl living a cultured life in a large city. The originator of this development was Mamba, who, though already elderly, emerged from the obscurity of the river front and began an attack upon the world of security. Mamba had a daughter and a granddaughter, and, in her own words, “all-two dem female is born fuh trouble.” To provide for their future she left the life in which she was happy, among the cheerful noises, bright colours and mixed smells of the water front, and turned herself, by means of a lady's cast-off clothing, manners copied from a real house-bred coloured servant, the teeth of a distinguished jurist (whereby hangs a really amusing tale), and a large amount of ingenuity and audacity, into a real “white folks' nigger.” Her daughter Hagar, a negress with a large body and a childlike face, had a genius for getting into trouble with the police and no ability at all for avoiding the consequences. Working hard in the phosphate mines, where almost slave conditions prevailed, she was able to send sums of money to help the clothing and education of her child. Lissa, the third person in this epic of development, owing to her grandmother's schemes and her mother's labours, grew up in an almost Victorian atmosphere of refinement and convention—a stage between the free and colourful existence of the lower-class negroes and the old traditions and real culture of the aristocracy. The author of “Porgy,” as was to be expected, has made his negroes stand out as very real individuals, and has given, too, a good picture of the attitude taken by white people brought up in the old slave-holding traditions, to whom the negro, once he has emerged from the mass and become an individual, is an object of kindly tolerance and even solicitude.

The House of Memories, by Barbara Wilson. (Heinemann, 6s.)

LADY WILSON goes very wisely on the principle that only the pleasant things in life are worth remembering, and in her slender volume of early reminiscence of life in Paris she records much that is charming and lovable in our neighbours. She rightly contends that Paris is a country in itself, and since it is to her obviously enchanted country, she treads its streets and meets its denizens with a joyousness that gives zest to her memories. With a nice perception of character and the understanding that is born of real affection, she draws her vivid little scenes, tells her tales, and shows us her friends with a graceful charm. If the Paris of which she writes has in itself largely disappeared, the racial traits are irradicable, and any volume, however unpretentious, that sets out to bring a closer understanding between us and our Allies in this dark Europe of to-day is to be welcomed.

S. C.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG, by Brigadier John Charteris (Cassell, 25s.); RETROSPECTIONS, by Dorothea Herbert, 1770-1789 (Gerald Howe, 7s. 6d.); SAINTS AND SCHOLARS, by Stephen Gwynn (Butterworth, 6s.); FIDELITY: THE BOURGHOING, by R. H. Mottram (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.); DARK HESTER, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Constable, 7s. 6d.); WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DRAMATIC IN GOLF.

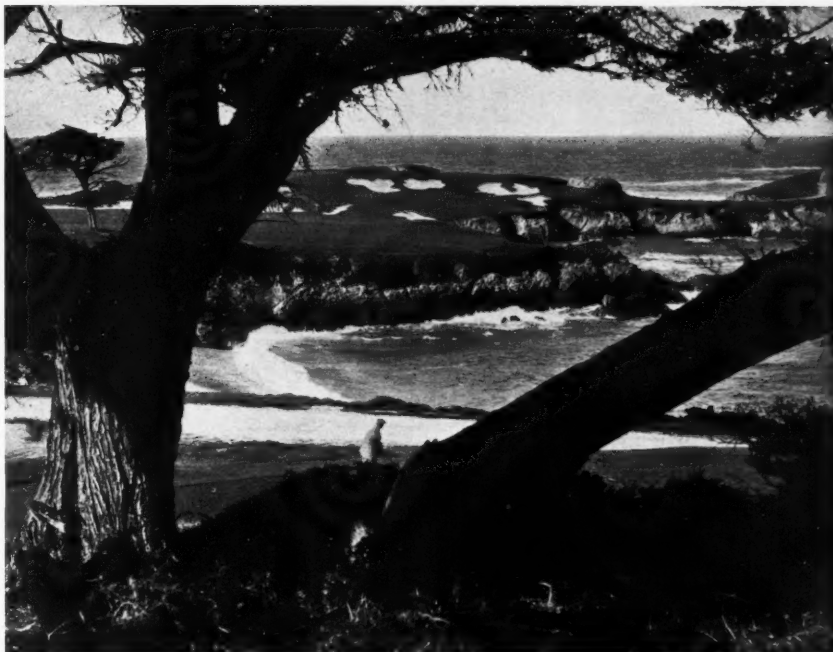
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A little while ago you published some account of the course at Cypress Point in California lately laid out by Dr. Mackenzie, together with two photographs. I wonder if you would care to see another view of one of the most spectacular holes on this very fine and picturesque course. The green in the distance is that of the sixteenth hole, and the tee shot is certainly terrifying, though not quite so much so as the picture makes it appear. The view is seen through one of the cypress trees which have given the course its name. This year's American Amateur Championship is to be held for the first time on a Californian course—Pebble Ridge, a very good course indeed, though I think that Cypress Point is better still.—CALIFORNIAN.

"THE USE AND MISUSE OF THE SPUR."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Colonel Goldschmidt, in your issue of April 6th, makes several obvious references to an article I wrote on this subject a little while ago, I feel constrained to reply. For many years I agreed with his point of view entirely, but I think I have advanced. I have discovered that horses can usually be trained easier and better without the use of spurs, and for that reason I have discontinued them. It is, therefore, unwise for Colonel Goldschmidt to write that a rider can try the experiment, but he will find it quite impossible to obtain accurate and prompt obedience. He goes on to say "I have no means of knowing whether he is more successful than I or not." I can assure him there is no difficulty. London is very accessible, and I think it would have been better had he come to see me before he wrote his article. He says in conclusion, "Nothing would induce me to ride without spurs." I suppose we must not take so forceful



THE SIXTEENTH HOLE AT CYPRESS POINT.

a pronouncement too literally, but if forty years' serious application to the art of riding is of any value to your readers, I personally recommend everyone to try without spurs first. In this year's "National" I saw very few riders with spurs on. It is a fast diminishing practice, both at polo and in steeplechasing, I am glad to say. —M. F. McTAGGART (Lieut.-Col.).

SHIP MODELS AT HINCHINGBROOKE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It was not found possible to illustrate any of the fine models of ships to which reference was made in the second article on Hinchingbrooke, published last week. Readers must, nevertheless, not be defrauded of them. One is a ninety-gun ship on the establishment of 1677 (scale 1 to 66), probably the Sandwich, built at Harwich in 1679 by Isaac Betts. The other, which is full-rigged, is of the Warwick (fifty guns), scale 1 to 48, built at Rotherhithe in 1710 by R. Burchet. She had a length of gun deck of 130ft., of keel for tonnage of 107.2ft., a breadth of 35.6ft., a depth in hold of 14ft., and a burden of 722 tons. She carried an armament of twenty-two eighteen-pounders on the lower gun deck, twenty-two nine-pounders on the upper gun deck, four six-pounders on the quarter-deck, and a brace of six-pounders on the fore-castle. —CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

"RED AND GREY SQUIRRELS."

TO THE EDITOR.

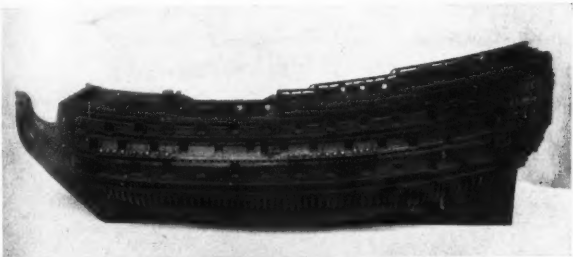
SIR,—The Welsh grey squirrel mentioned in your issue of March 23rd (page 420) as

having been found in Montgomeryshire and Denbighshire (*circa* 1828-30) was probably our native species—the red or brown squirrel—in one of its seasonal changes of colour, in which grey hairs predominate.—HUGH BOYD WATT.

THE FOUNDER OF THE ZOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the approaching centenary celebrations of the London "Zoo"—which, by the way, our leading encyclopædias state to have been founded 1828—there may, perhaps, be a melancholy interest in recalling the sad fate of the animals and birds which, but for accident, would probably have been among the gardens' earliest occupants. On February 2nd, 1824, that most distinguished man, Sir Stamford Raffles, left Bencoolen on his voyage to England in the *Fame*. He had on board, besides valuable drawings and botanical specimens, a collection of beasts, birds and fishes, gathered together with a view to forming a permanent exhibition. He writes of the live animals as being "domesticated for the voyage," presumably including a fine tiger in this statement! When barely fifty miles upon her way the *Fame* caught fire, through a careless steward drawing brandy with a lighted candle in his hand. Mindful of powder in the ship, her crew and captain, with Sir Stamford and his wife and children, had to leave her in the boats, a man lying ill being overlooked and almost left behind. One can imagine with what sorrow Raffles had to leave his animals and birds to perish in the flames. He watched the vessel burning fiercely till the powder magazine was reached and she blew up; then through the night the boats toiled slowly towards Bencoolen, while those in them suffered much from thirst. The cargo was quite uninsured, and Sir Stamford's personal loss was not far short of thirty thousand pounds. I like to think of the proconsul being, at least to some extent, a Herefordshire man. True he was born at sea, on board his father's vessel, off Jamaica; but on reaching England Mrs. Raffles went to stay at Eaton Bishop, where her brother was then rector, and there, according to Mr. D. C. Boulder, the boy was christened. Some years ago the rector helped me to look through the register, but we did not succeed in finding any record of the fact. I was consoled, however, by the statement that there was good reason to believe the entries had been negligently kept. Needless to tell your readers that Sir Stamford was the first president of the Zoological Society. He was extremely fond of animals as pets, was quick in taming them, and was once seen dosing an ailing bear with champagne.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.



A NINETY-GUN SHIP OF 1679, PROBABLY THE SANDWICH.



THE WARWICK OF FIFTY GUNS.



AN OLD MAN'S RECOLLECTION AND THE REALITY.

LA MENARDAIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Soon after you printed my verses called "La Menardais" I received the accompanying letter and sketch. I was so much interested by both that I thought they might have some interest for you as well. I am, therefore, sending them, together with a drawing by my friend Miss Norah Davenport which is taken from very much the same point of view as Mr. Roberts' little memory picture. La Menardais is a sort of miniature chateau, once a hunting lodge of Henri IV, so they say. It is very romantic and fairylike. It is about two miles from Dinan, and its position, perched high above the Rance, adds to its charm. I am very sorry to have to add that Mr. Roberts died soon after writing to me.—GRACE JAMES.

"DEAR MADAM,—In opening COUNTRY LIFE of February 2nd my eye fell on the familiar name 'La Menardais'—immediately and with much pleasure I read your charming lines referring to the dear little old place. Now, you may be, and probably are, quite young. I am an old man, and, would you believe it, I have not seen La Menardais (or is it La Pavillon de La Menardais?—I am not sure as to this) for years. I, as a very small child, with my parents and others of our family, was living in the house. It was a quaint little place but very delightful. The farm was occupied by M. de Breton, with whom my father was always at loggerheads. I can still remember the smell of the hard-beaten floor of the farm living-room. More than once I slept in the shuttered bed against the wall. I loved La Menardais, every bit of it. We had huge big pears in the garden and plums of various sorts. Everything was very rough but, to children, a Paradise. Over the wall on the right-hand side was the wood and steep slope down to the Rance. Half way down, a well with wooden buckets that clanked pleasantly when carried out full of water. I know nothing whatever of drawing (as you will see), but so vivid was the impression of every material and immaterial thing connected with the place on my mind that I tried to put on paper and enclose herewith the mental image that I had retained for seventy years! I am sure, from your verses, that you love the place: but it is not rather curious that one's recollections for all that period (seventy years) should have remained

photographed, as it were, on the brain of a child of six—and so vividly as to enable one to make a sketch the least bit like the place? I can't remember details, but you will perhaps recognise that it is the record of a child's vivid impression. We had some hornets' nests under the tower roof; I used to stare at these, and that, no doubt, gave the brain a long exposure. If I ever come to Dinan (we came by diligence) I will ring at the garden door at the end of the long wall.

"Yours faithfully,
"H. B. ROBERTS."

"SPREATHED."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My grandmother, who was a Wiltshire woman, always used the word "spreathed" to denote a chafing of the skin by clothes. It was never used to denote chapped skin on the face or hands. The irritation and chafing of the skin of a teething baby by the dampness of its bib and frock would be called spreathed. I have always understood the word to mean simple chafing of the skin, and to be an old country word generally used in Wiltshire in her day. The cracking of the skin of the face and hands was always called chapping by her, and never spreathed. — PHILLIPPA FRANKLYN.

THE TAMING OF THE VIXEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a tame fox which, I think, may be of interest to your readers. This vixen is about six years' old and belongs to Mrs. Allan Cory-Wright of Northfields, Sawbridgeworth, Herts, who has owned it since a cub. She is very tame with both Mr. and Mrs. Cory-Wright, but will have nothing whatever to do with strangers. She has broken loose about six times, but always has come back within a couple of hours and is delighted to be back again. When hungry she has a very amusing way of carrying her food bowl about in her mouth. She is devoted to the dogs and cats of the house, and always plays with the young puppies, although as soon as they grow up they take no more notice



FRIENDSHIP IS STRONGER THAN KINDRED.

of her. She is fed on the same food as the dogs, with an occasional rat, bird or any entrails of birds as a treat.—STANLEY A. BROWN.

OLD MODELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been interested in a letter in the *Weekly Times* during January about a model in olive wood and mother-o'-pearl of the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem which is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and an account of which appears, with illustration, in your paper of April 22nd, 1905. I have got a copy of COUNTRY LIFE of the date named, and find that I have a model in every particular the same as you depict. This may interest some of your readers, but it would interest me greatly if anyone can tell me if they know of a similar model of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, for I have one, evidently made at the same time as the other. These models were, I believe, brought over, together with a quantity of Oriental china, by a predecessor of mine named Bond, an East Indian merchant who gave his name to Bond Street, somewhere about 1690. My reason is that the models have always been kept in one of the closets where some of the china is stored.—E. C. BROOMFIELD.

TALL HATS IN CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a view of Maydalene Street in Cambridge, which, if seen in your pages, will doubtless raise pleasant memories



MAGDALENE STREET SIXTY YEARS AGO.

in many minds. The photograph was taken about sixty years ago, and shows a part of the town which has remained almost unaltered, while in other parts changes have been many. Changes, architectural or other, are often unavoidable, as we all know, and may become so in the case of Magdalene Street: the pity is when they destroy old and pleasing features that can never be replaced. As late as 1903 the town could show many picturesque bits that are now no longer to be seen, evoking from so trained an observer as F. York Powell expressions of wonder and delight, and leading him even to depreciate his own Oxford in comparison. After a visit to Cambridge he wrote to Charles Bonnier in February of that year, "Cambridge est plus beau qu'Oxford, oui, j'en suis sûr. On a laissé les vieux coins, les morceaux de ville, les petits publics, les maisonnettes de petits bourgeois du 16^e et 17^e siècle. Il y a des petites bâtisses ravissantes des coins féériques, on se frotte les yeux: 'est-ce que ça existe encore?' On a trop bouleversé Oxford. C'est triste. Ça était très-bien dans le temps. Il n'en reste que cette petite rue près la rivière sur la route de la gare." The words are memorable, and not without their warning; and go to strengthen the feeling that, despite necessary changes, Cantabrigia may well be chary of parting with anything of old-world beauty that still belongs to her.—EDWARD ACKROYD.

LAST WEEK-END AT NEWBURY

THE SUCCESS OF BLANDFORD AS A SIRE.

SPECIAL significance attaches to the failure of Costaki Pasha to win the Greenham Plate. Here is the colt that won the Middle Park Stakes in great form and had been accepted as the nominal favourite for the Derby. He had only to win this race at Newbury on making his first appearance as a three year old for that favouritism to have taken a very practical form. His stable companion, Grand Terrace, who had finished second to him for the Middle Park Stakes, had recently been beaten by Welcome Gift at Lingfield Park. That fact was not wholly reassuring, but no one seemed to doubt that Costaki Pasha was very definitely his superior.

I found him at Newbury to be very much the same colt we knew last back-end: that is to say, he has not made a deal of growth, though he would be big enough, I have no doubt, if good enough in other ways. As he cantered to the start of the Greenham Stakes he showed the old smooth action and an unusually long stride for a horse of his size. In the race, too, his speed was beyond question, but then he is a son of Cos, who had brilliant speed, and her sire, Flying Orb, was also renowned for speed rather than stamina.

His pedigree which rather discounts the probable possession of stamina, and it makes you understand the reason why the Aga Khan mated the mare with the stout staying blood represented by Gainsborough. One must admit that Costaki Pasha ran last week like a non-stayer, for this mile was too far for him by at least a furlong. And one says this after making every allowance for this being his first race as a three year old, and early in the season at that. But he should, I think, have done better to be entitled to maintain his prestige as a likely Derby winner.

The very easy winner of the race was a big chestnut gelding named Sidonia, belonging to Mr. Anthony de Rothschild. The fact that this horse started at 20 to 1 shows that he had no form, and was, in fact, little known or considered. He may have been in front throughout. Certainly he had established command with still a furlong to go, for, ridden by Perryman, he never faltered, but just held on to win quite decisively. Three times he ran last year without winning, but I can well understand that he was growing fast then, and that he could not possibly have been at his best.

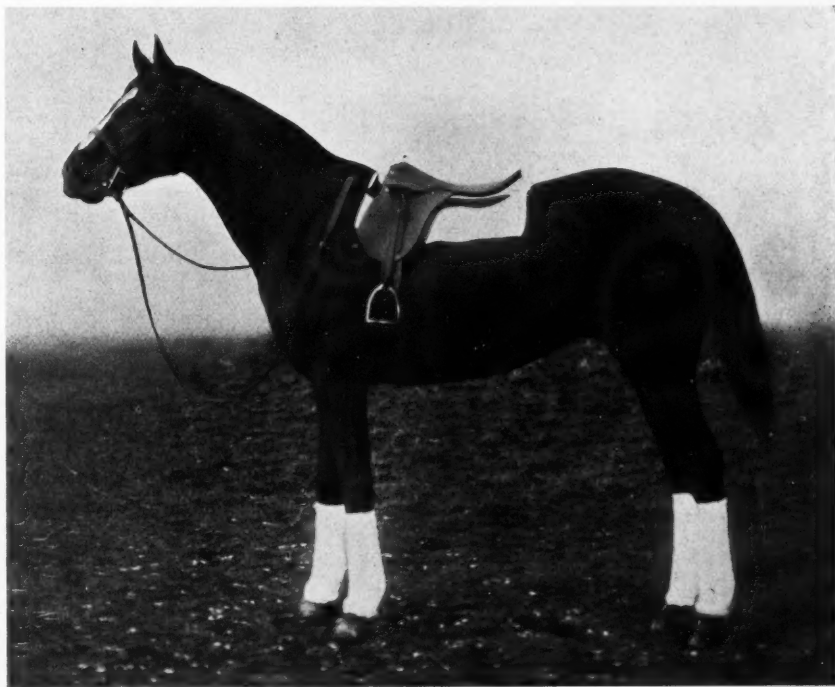
Mr. de Rothschild bred his winner. He is by Galloper Light, and if he were not rather straight in his forelegs he would have much to recommend him. As it is, we may be sure he will continue to do well. Mr. S. B. Joel had the second to Sidonia in his colt Modder, from Pink Clover, a mare that has done well for him at stud. Modder is by Soranus or Pommern. There is not much doubt as to which of these sires is responsible for him. Major McCalmont's Empire Builder was third, and at level weights he most decisively beat Costaki Pasha. If, as I believe, Mr. Jinks is appreciably better than Empire Builder, then Costaki Pasha cannot have much chance of beating Mr. Jinks for the Two Thousand Guineas.

The race for the Newbury Cup took place on the following day. It served to bring into public view again the American horse, Reigh Count. Let me say at once he made an indifferent show. He did not even show the speed he displayed for half a mile at Lingfield Park, and at no time had he anything to do with the real struggle. I am at some loss to understand why he should have been asked for this second race so soon. The experience at Lingfield Park should have told them that, from whatever the cause, he could not be at his best.

Favourite for the Spring Cup was Mr. S. B. Joel's Trelawny. It was, perhaps, against his chance that he should have been favourite! First favourites simply do not win these important handicaps; but, at least, we were spared the usual thing happening: an impossible outsider did not win, for Athford was a popular choice at 8 to 1. We will agree that Trelawny looked well, but there is something about him I do not like. It is as if he is too high in front of the saddle. Anyhow, his owner and trainer gave him a big chance, even allowing for their incurable optimism. I never noticed him with the ghost of a winning chance. The one that did catch my eye was Mrs. Drummond's well known horse, Gang Warily. When at the distance I saw him travelling smoothly on the stands side I thought he was going to win at last.

A quick glance elsewhere showed Lucky Tor to be making a valiant effort; John Silver was prominent, but "all out" at that; Residue, for an instant I thought, might bring off a long shot; Athford I noticed behind this line about the centre of the course; Guards Parade had shot his bolt. Suddenly I saw something in red working up between Gang Warily and the stand rails. It was Athford, and even at that moment I wondered how he had got there. Finding a wonderful burst of speed, he gained ground so rapidly that a few strides from the judge he had drawn level with Gang Warily. On the post he had won a remarkable race by half a length.

One was sorry to see Gang Warily go under again, but Athford deserved his win, in the circumstances. Certainly, he would have been a very unlucky loser. Perhaps Gang Warily will make amends next week in the City and Suburban, just as Athford stepped up that necessary trifle after being beaten only a short head by Elton for the Lincolnshire Handicap. The winner, it is interesting to note, is by Blandford, a sire commanding a big fee in Ireland and owned in partnership by the brothers Dawson. One of them is the trainer of Athford. Blandford was a good-class racehorse that was bred at the National Stud, being a son of Swynford and Blanch, a mare by White Eagle. He was acquired by his present owners as a yearling. As if to emphasise his importance as a sire, the very next race to that for the Cup was won in great style by a colt named Blenheim, a son of Blandford and Malva, that had cost the Aga Khan 4,100 guineas as a yearling. Blenheim now won



Frank Griggs.

REIGH COUNT, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

Copyright.

the Manton Plate for two year olds by three lengths from a big field.

The three most interesting events of the two days at Newbury have been referred to. I should like, however, to mention still another score for Blandford. His son, Trigo, put up a capital performance when, under the big weight of 8st. 10lb., he won the Berkshire Handicap of seven furlongs for three year olds by a head from Major Bonsor's Ennis Bridge, to whom he gave 16lb. and a beating. The handicapper had not been lenient to Trigo. Rather had he shown himself to be much impressed with the colt's easy win of the Phoenix Plate at Leopardstown last August. The inference is that Trigo is extra smart. But what a remarkable thing it is in these days of so many runners and so many sires represented in the pedigrees that one horse—Blandford—should have had such a wonderful meeting.

The last race of the meeting brought out Sir Victor Sassoon's Gay Day, and everyone stayed to see how this colt, who has been so much talked and written about for the Derby, would acquit himself in a race for maiden three year olds. For one with his pretensions he had a simple task set him, and, indeed, he had to accomplish it with ease if he were to satisfy his critics. He failed by a length to beat Montclair, who ran for Mr. E. Esmond, who has horses with Jack Jarvis at Newmarket, but races on a bigger scale in France, while he maintains a very high-class breeding stud in that country.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

MONTACUTE'S MAGNIFICENCE

MONTACUTE HOUSE, built in the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth, represents a practically completed transition from the defensive requirements of the late Edwardian period. The enclosure is there, but for æsthetic and not protective purposes, the gate-house has become a gateway, the curtain walls are transformed into open balustrading, the bastions into toy temples and the corner towers into bower-like pavilions. Ham Hill stone was employed in these details of the foreground to form the artistic setting of the amply windowed, thoughtfully enriched and symmetrically composed elevation of the H-shaped house, near the hill which the Normans named Mons Acutus, at the foot of which they built a priory.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., assisted by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, have instructions from Mr. G. A. Phelps to offer Montacute by auction at an early date, with 400 acres. It is about four miles west of Yeovil and south of Ilchester.

Montacute has been thrice the subject of illustrated special articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. III, pages 464 and 496; Vol. XV, page 810; and Vol. XXXVII, pages 820 and 870). It is also, of course, fully described and magnificently illustrated in *English Homes* (Period III, Vol. I, Late Tudor and Early Stuart, 1558-1649), by Mr. H. Aray Tipping (COUNTRY LIFE).

Edward Phelps, who built Montacute as we know it, had the help of Thorpe as designer and Robert Smythson as master mason. The inference is supported by arguments drawn from Wollaton Hall and Kirby Hall. In this connection the statues between the top-floor windows naturally receive much consideration. The personal history of the house is inferred in part from the heraldic glass, which gives evidence of the intermarriages of the Phelps family with Spekes, Comptons and Pigotts.

The house exhibits all the glory of the most elaborate geometrical and other parcelling in the dining-room, where, too, is some of the finely executed plasterwork, and a stone mantelpiece, one of many which all have the keynote of quiet dignity.

Though it was visited by a Parliamentary force, Montacute escaped serious injury, and such successive adaptations as were made by the long line of owners of Montacute were mostly what Mr. Tipping calls "very conservative." In 1786, Edward Phelps put in his diary, "My wife and self attended the sale of the materials of Clifton House then pulling down; and we bought the porch, arms, pillars and all the ornamental stone to be transferred to the intended west front of Montacute." In June of the following year he mentions having done with the scaffolding for the west front. The "Clifton" was the Clifton Maubank or Maybank estate, a Dorset seat that was recorded in our Estate Market pages as having been sold by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior. The fact is testimony to the interwoven interest of the buying, selling and letting of the ancestral homes of England.

That unrivalled judge of residential beauty, the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, spared no expense in bringing Montacute thoroughly into accord with the highest ideals of modern residential comfort, though there may be room for differences of view as to some of the things he has done there. Central heating and electric light are installed, and the whole property is in splendid order. The lease, held by the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, expires shortly.

The opinion of one of the foremost authorities on famous houses at home and abroad is that the gardens of Montacute must be accounted among the finest in all Europe, not even excepting the most celebrated in Italy. There is a refined charm in Montacute which is lacking in the great Italian gardens, such as Villa L'ante. In short, Montacute is a superb property, and its coming sale is an event of importance.

HEACHAM AND A PRINCESS.

HEACHAM HALL estate, Norfolk, to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley shortly, is a link with the cotton fields and tobacco plantations of Virginia, for the Hall was the home for hundreds of years of the Rolfe family. Eustace Rolfe, who is commemorated by a church brass dated 1593, was steward of the manor to

Sir Nicholas le Strange. His grandson John (or Thomas) Rolfe became a colonist in James I's reign, and engaged in tobacco-planting in Virginia. In 1613, he took as his second wife the Potomac Princess Pocahontas, or Matoaka, daughter of the Chief Powhattan. From an early age this Indian maiden had acted as an intermediary between the settlers in Jamestown and the Redskins. In 1616 John Rolfe sailed with his wife and infant son for England, where the Princess and her native attendants were received by the Virginian Company of London and entertained by the Consort of James I. The Princess was to return to Virginia in May, 1617, when she died in a vessel off Gravesend. The present house embodies portions of the original residence and stands in a timbered park. There is a lake of 4 acres, and the estate is 1,870 acres.

Thames Bank, Goring, will be sold at Hanover Square on May 16th and not on May 9th as previously announced. The property, 6 acres, has riverside gardens with a residence well above the river.

New Farm, Jevington, near Eastbourne, will be offered at Hanover Square on June 11th, a half-timbered residence with a garden of an acre.

Norwich House, one of the most important houses in Mayfair, has just been sold on behalf of Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, to Sir James Dunn, Bt.

BUILDING LAND SALES.

REMARKABLE activity is seen in the building land department of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Their recent sales include 65 acres at Sutton, adjoining the by-pass and the new Wimbledon and Sutton Railway; and they are to offer in June five building estates, about 113 acres with over 9,000ft. of shop and other frontages, close to the electric railway stations at Neasden, Wembley, Pinner and Edgware. The firm has sold the important freehold site of over an acre in North End Road, West Kensington, which was to have been submitted for sale by auction on April 17th, in conjunction with Messrs. Goddard and Smith. At their auction of the Wickham Hall estate, West Wickham, they sold Lot 3, comprising 2 acres with 290ft. of shop frontage in the centre of the town. Lots 1 and 2, including the mansion, are available by private treaty.

Since the auction of the freehold of No. 67, Wigmore Street, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold this property.

WOOTTON HALL, ASHBOURNE

GENERAL SIR W. BROMLEY DAVENPORT has requested Messrs. W. S. Bagshaw and Sons jointly with Messrs. Lofts and Warner to dispose of Wootton Hall, an estate of 2,525 acres, five miles from Ashbourne, as a whole or in over 100 lots, next month. The Hall, 600ft. above sea level, overlooks the Dove valley. Nearly all the properties in the villages of Ellastone and Wootton will be offered.

Lord Vestey having bought Warter Priory, the great Yorkshire seat, from the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, an important auction of furniture will be held at an early date. Messrs. Hampton and Sons, who effected the sale of the estate, have been instructed to dispose of the contents of the eight or ten reception-rooms and the fifty or more bedrooms, and other apartments. The catalogues will comprise a great deal of antique furniture as well as of the best modern examples.

Residents in the Stanmore district anxious to preserve the amenities of that charming old village will be interested to hear that Messrs. Hampton and Sons report the sale of residential property in that area of the value of nearly £40,000, involving only three transactions.

"Beechwoods" Hampstead Lane, is for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. It is a miniature freehold of nine acres, overlooking Keirwood and Hampstead Heath.

Recent sales by Messrs. Giddys include riverside properties at Maidenhead and Cookham, and the manor of Cookham; as well as Holm Place, Windlesham, near Sunningdale golf links; Firthorpe, Ascot; Tree Tops, St. Leonard's Gill, Windsor Forest; The Dial House, Datchet; Sunnycroft, Burnham Beeches; and Duke's Cottage, Bagshot, the

last-named in conjunction with Messrs. Baxter, Payne and Lepper.

Sales by Messrs. Alexander King and Gould include Cranborne Corner, Ascot, which was offered by them last year; Wallington Hill House, Fareham, an old Georgian house in the High Street, with 4½ acres, since developed by the firm, who have re-sold Wallington Hill House itself; Lexden Park, Colchester, and 35 acres of land (in conjunction with Messrs. Golbie and Green), a property also placed in the hands of Messrs. Alexander King and Gould for re-sale, and to be divided into plots, the house itself being offered at a low "upset" price; Bank Farm, Copthorne (sold in conjunction with Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co.), the re-sale being placed in the hands of Messrs. Alexander King and Gould, in building plots; and Scoble Cottage, Southpool, South Devon. Recent transactions in London include the sale of No. 1, Rosmead Road, Holland Park.

A THANET HOUSE.

LADY CARSON has asked Messrs. Collins and Collins to dispose of Cleeve Court, near Birchington-on-Sea, at an early date. The Georgian house has an original Elizabethan wing, and there are gardens and other land of 20 acres. In *England's Outpost* Mr. A. G. Bradley says: "Cleeve, a mile or two behind Quex, is one of those woody islets in the wide open chalky plain that give character to Thanet. A Late Georgian house covers the site of the old mansion occupied by Crispes in the seventeenth century. Surrounded by pleasant groves of elm, oak and beech, with old farm buildings abutting on the highways, it makes a delightful interlude on the long, bare road from Monkton to Birchington, as the traveller passes for a moment through its shady purlieu." Hasted says: "Cleeve Court formerly belonged to the family of Quekes, of Birchington, and from them it passed in marriage, in the reign of Henry VII to that of Crispes. Late it belonged to Lord Howard of Effingham who in 1723 sold his Thanet estates."

Acting for Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, Bt., Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold Stisted Hall, near Braintree, a Georgian mansion in a park of 110 acres. The purchaser was represented by Messrs. Wilson and Co. Messrs. Trollope have also sold No. 49, Wilton Crescent, Belgrave Square, which was bought in at their recent auction.

Chancellor House, the late Mrs. Rachel Beer's Tunbridge Wells property of 5 acres, has just been sold by Messrs. Curtis and Henson and Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co.; but it is again in the market, as the buyer has decided not to enter into residence.

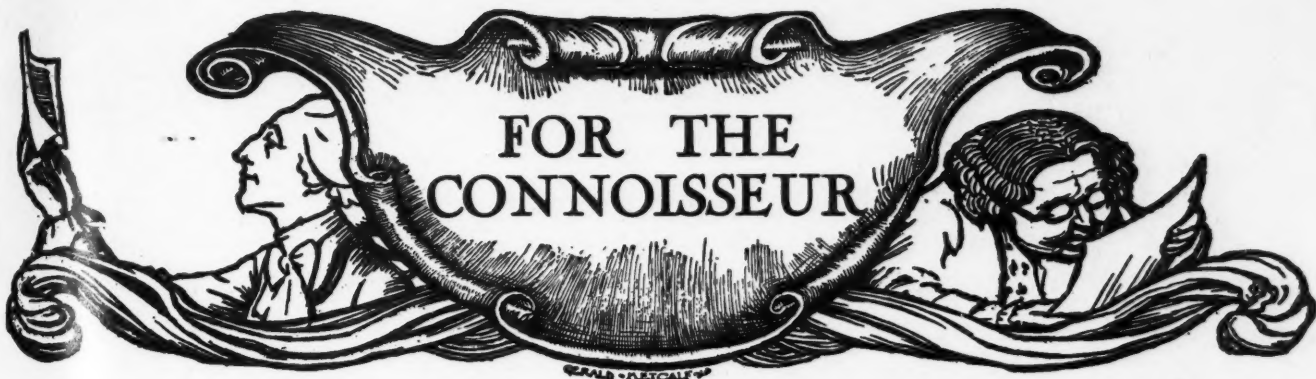
Crippenham Manor, Edenbridge, a historical house and 240 acres, is for sale by Messrs. F. D. Ibbett and Co., for only £8,500.

The Hon. Piers Legh, Esquerry to the Prince of Wales, has been inspecting various houses near London, with a view to securing one for the summer months for His Royal Highness, the counties preferred being, it is understood, Berkshire or Surrey.

A link with the old iron industry of the Weald is recalled by the sale of a property at Hurstwood, Sussex, for just over £3,200, by Messrs. Ellis and Sons. The old forge was of the water-hammer type, worked by a water wheel causing four hits per revolution, or 160 a minute. Charcoal was obtained locally, but the finding of coal in the North of England killed the industry. There was a lot of ornamental ironwork done at the forge, and many pieces of it are still in existence in Hurstwood Church and private gardens.

Coming sales by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons include: on April 24th, in conjunction with Messrs. Baxter, Payne and Lepper, building land on Masons Hill, Bromley, with frontage to main roads; and on April 29th, at the Mart, an unrestricted freehold, No. 4, Tilney Street, Park Lane, W.1, overlooking Hyde Park and "offering exceptional accommodation for residential, professional or business purposes," with possession.

The Moat House, Brentwood, is a delightful old Tudor house with some fine old paneling and oak beams, and there are 15 acres. A feature of the house is an old chimney stack of Flemish bricks which is probably part of the original house, built in the sixteenth century, which is recorded in the British Museum. Messrs. John P. Wood and Co. are the vendor's agents. ARBITER.



AN ARMORIAL JACOBEOAN BED

THE quiet reign of James I was a great building period in England; "no kingdom in the world spent (we are told) so much on building"; and the builders of these new great houses recorded their arms and alliances on the panels of their ceilings, on the chimneypiece and on the windows. This widespread use of armorial bearings had been denoted somewhat earlier by Philip Stubbes as a capital instance of the sin of pride: "Everyone vaunts himself, crying with open mouth: I am a gentleman, I am worshipful, I am honourable, I am noble, and I cannot tell what, I am come of this house and I am come of that." But this display of heraldry has its advantages to-day, in that it often fixes within limits the date of the object so decorated. This is the case with a fine bed in the possession of Mr. J. C. B. Gamlen of Oxford. In the centre panel of the upper stage of the head-board are the arms of James I, crowned, encircled by the Garter band and supported by the lion and unicorn. On the background are carved the initials "I. R." This panel is flanked by female caryatid figures supporting on their heads baskets of fruit, the left-hand figure, Peace, holding an olive branch in her right hand, while Plenty, on the right, carries both a cornucopia and sheaf of corn. These emblematic figures are a feature of the reign of the King whose

motto was "Beati Pacifici." The outer caryatides, male and female, are terms, each holding a scrolled cartouche carved with a lion's mask. Between each caryatid figure and the terminal caryatid is an arch, in which a shield of arms supported on grotesque demi-figures is surmounted by an escallop shell and foliations, all carved in low relief and gilt. The shield to the left bears the badge of the Princes of Wales, a coronet with crosses paty and fleurs-de-lis enfiling three ostrich feathers, with motto band inscribed "Ich Dien." The field here is gules and sable, an unrecorded variant on the field of gules. Henry, eldest son of James I, was Prince of Wales in the autumn of 1612 (when this bed was, as we shall see, made). Prince Charles—who, on his brother's death, became heir-apparent—was not created Prince of Wales until November, 1616.

The right-hand shield bears the arms of Frederick V, Count Palatine of the Rhine, who became James I's son-in-law in 1613. They are: tierced in mantle (chape-ployé): 1, sable a lion rampant contourny or crowned gules (Palatine of the Rhine); 2, lozengy, in bend or and . . . (for argent and azure Bavaria); 3, gules, an orb or (High Stewardship of the Holy Roman Empire). The marriage of James I's eldest daughter, Princess Elizabeth (1596-1662) with the Elector Palatine—"The Palsgrave," as he was



JACOBEOAN OAK BED (1612).



DETAIL OF HEAD BOARD.

called in England—was popular in this country. James had, in 1612, concluded a treaty of alliance with the princes of the German Protestant Union, and when Frederick arrived in England in October of that year he was "welcomed as a handsome and intelligent young prince" and as a connecting link between the English Royal family and the chief Protestant Courts of Europe. The marriage was the more welcome, since the Queen had supported the project for a marriage between Elizabeth and the King of Spain.

The funeral of Henry, Prince of Wales, in November, 1612, delayed the wedding, which was fixed for the first day of the Carnival Week of 1613. The ceremony was magnificent; in the words of an historian writing some sixty years later: "The bride . . . was attired all in white, having a rich crown of gold upon her head, her hair hanging down at length curiously beset with Pearls and precious stones, her train supported by twelve young Ladies in white garments. . . . These Nuptials were celebrated with Stately masques. After which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen gave the Bride a chain of Orient Pearl, valued at Two Thousand Pounds." A masque by Thomas Campion—the "Lords Masque"—was presented in the Banqueting House on the night of the ceremony, and one by Chapman at Whitehall the following evening. At the latter masque so great was the throng that instructions were given that no lady should be admitted with a farthingale in order "to gaine the more roome, and (I hope) may serve to make them quite left off in time." The bed must have been made during the autumn of 1612, but there is no record or tradition of its original ownership. The owner, Mr. Gamlen, writes that "it first came into the possession of the Ball family, from which it passed into that of my forbears the Blagdens. They were yeomen farmers, and for a hundred years the bedstead was in a remote part of Devonshire. My paternal grandmother left it to my father and he left it to me nine years ago." Besides the armorial panels of the head-board, the bed is noteworthy for its elaborate all-over richness of treatment and for its untouched condition. "It is in perfect preservation," writes the owner, "though for a good many years the canopy was ignorantly and reprehensibly raised an inch or two by the insertion of a strip of wood" (since removed). The wood is a light brown in colour, clean and untouched by varnish; the coloured portions, such as the ground of the carved panels of the head-board, well preserved.

The tester is divided into four compartments by beams moulded and carved on edge, each compartment being again divided into four panels carved in low relief with a spray of three flowers, the centre being the Tudor rose. The frieze, which is carved with linked low-relief medallions enclosing scallop-shells, is interrupted by bold corbels carved with lion-masks, supporting the cornice. The bedposts, which stand clear of the bed stock, take the unusual form of a series of cup and cover enlargements upon which the short enriched column rests. This remarkable

survival, which is on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum, stands suitably in the fine panelled room from the Old Palace, Bromley-by-Bow, a few years earlier in date. M. J.

THE PORTLAND VASE

An interesting and well documented history of the Portland vase, which is to be sold on May 2nd, has been issued by Messrs. Christie. This vase, formed of glass of an intensely deep blue, decorated with figures in low relief in glass of an opaque white, is first mentioned by Terzi, *Edes Barberinæ* (1642). It remained the chief ornament of the Barberini Palace at Rome until its purchase by James Byres in the late eighteenth century. An early reference to the vase occurs in Misson's *New Voyage to Italy, with Curious Observations on Several Other Countries* (4th edition, 1714), where the author describes the vase as "a fine antique vessel of Agat." James Byres sold the vase to Sir William Hamilton in 1770, and when Sir William returned to England in 1783 he brought it with him. Margaret, Duchess of Portland, a collector of curiosities and works of art, purchased it from him for 1,800 guineas, but the purchase was kept secret, and it was not until August, 1785 (after the Duchess's death), that Horace Walpole wrote that the vase "which had disappeared with so much mystery is again discovered; not in the tomb, but in the treasury of the Duchess of Portland." In the catalogue of the sale of the "Contents of the Portland Museum, lately the property of the Duchess Dowager of Portland" the vase figures in an engraving of the Museum with a mirror arranged behind it to show the reflected second group. It was purchased by the third Duke of Portland, who lent it to Josiah Wedgwood, who spent three years in his difficult task of copying it. In a letter to Sir William Hamilton, Wedgwood, after "full and repeated examinations of the original work itself," writes that his "crest is much fallen," and that he "should hardly muster sufficient resolution to proceed" if he had not already pledged himself. In 1789 Wedgwood writes that "after having made several defective copies, I began to see my way to a final completion of it." It is interesting, in connection with its sale, to read Horace Walpole's letter of August, 1785, where he tells us that Sir William Hamilton "told me it would never go out of England. I do not see how he could warrant that."

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS.

A choice collection of Old Master drawings, principally of the Italian school, the property of Mr. A. G. B. Russell, is to be sold on Thursday, May 9th, by Messrs. Sotheby. A noble figure of a seated youth by Giovanni Bellini, a pen drawing, dates from the early phase in the Venetian master's career, in which he shows marks of the influence of Donatello and of Mantegna. A Titian drawing, the "Young Baptist Kneeling," in pen and bistre wash, is full of life and movement, and at the close of the Venetian series comes a view of the Grand Canal, by Antonio Canal, which is a marvel of significant shorthand.